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WEEKLY**

**Sedgman and
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See page 17



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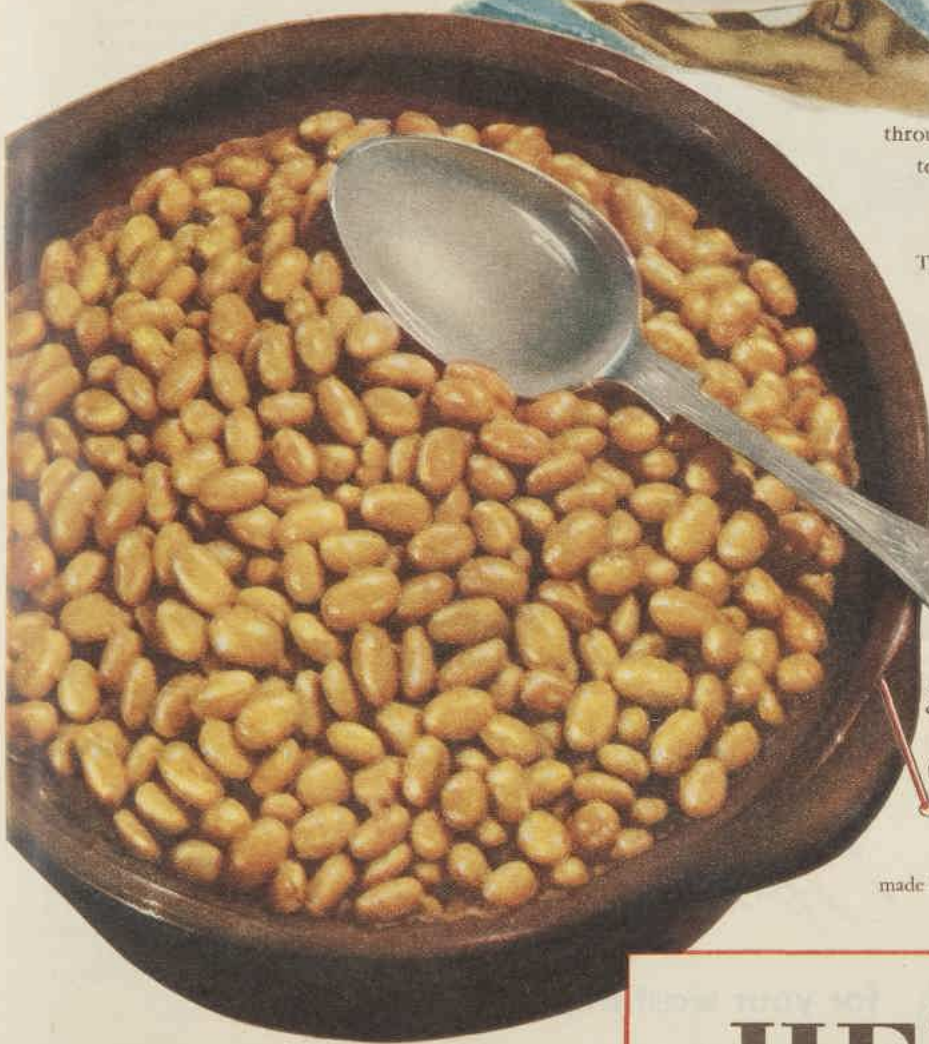
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S-L-E-E-P! THROUGH THE HOTTEST NIGHTS *Keep up VIGOUR!*

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When housework tells and you feel jaded and nerve-racked try this—'ASPRO' AND A CUP OF TEA. The tea cools you—the 'Aspro' soothes and calms you. It's a wonderful combination every housewife should know.



SUDDEN CHANGES *Beware!*

These sudden weather changes in summer can bring colds just as serious as in winter. Be on guard all the time. That means have your 'Aspro' ready for emergency. Remember, too, 'Aspro' makes a splendid gargle for sore throats.



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Stop Sunburn Pain. Get relief from overheating and feverishness with the anti-pyretic (fever reducing) properties of 'Aspro'. Every time you go out to enjoy the sun take 'Aspro' with you and be on the safe side.



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Keeping eyes glued to the road can be nerve-racking. Even as a passenger you can easily develop "car headache" and other discomforts. 'Aspro' can help you over such troubles, swiftly, soothingly. Always keep 'Aspro' in the car pocket.



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Most of the minor troubles that make the kiddies peevish—and make them a trial to you—are easily soothed away with 'Aspro'. A most comforting thought is, that because it is so SAFE, 'Aspro' can be given according to directions, to children of any age, as often as necessary without the slightest fear.



STOP SUNGLARE HEAD-PAINS

When glare makes your head throb and throb, remember the swift pain-stopping action of 'Aspro'. There's nothing half-hearted about the way 'Aspro' works—the most trying sunglare headaches are swiftly soothed away.



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SAFETY FIRST!
'Aspro' does not
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HEART OR
STOMACH



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Ask me no Questions

By
PHYLLIS
LOVOCA

ILLUSTRATED
BY KEMBLE

If only she could take back those twelve awful words, Prudence felt she could make a new start

THE stark question, softly spoken, caught Prudence off guard. She stiffened and sat silent, holding the telephone as if it had come alive. How could a complete stranger have penetrated her reserve so far as to ask such a question?

The voice, so calm, so reasonable—so irresistibly searching—had asked, "Are you happily married, Madam?"

The trouble, Prudence told herself, was that she had been so unprepared. She was still recovering from her initial surprise at lifting the receiver and hearing the warm, courteous baritone say, "Good morning, Madam. I hope I do not disturb you?" Prudence had been so sure it was her neighbor, Corinna Nelson, calling that she had let the telephone ring five times while she finished feeding the baby.

The pleasing accent continued, "This is Doctor . . ."

Polo, was it? Prudence wasn't sure.

"You have heard, perhaps, Madam, of the M.C.R.? The Marriage Clinic Research?"

Mentally Prudence pushed aside a hundred uninviting tasks and thought back. A night or two ago Stephen had read aloud a paragraph from the evening paper about a group of psychologists who were taking a marriage survey in the community.

"Of course," she told the doctor, unconsciously responding to the warmth of his tone. "I've—I've been reading about it. It sounds terribly interesting."

"Ah!" The doctor was manifestly delighted to find himself talking with such an intelligent, well-informed woman. "Then you understand our system? How your telephone number was chosen at random? Naturally I have no idea who you are."

And somehow he conveyed to her an exciting hint of mystery, a sense of fate at work.

Agreeing to answer his questions—"Just a few brief ones for our records, Madam"—Prudence had reflected that this was rather like the questionnaires she used to fill out anonymously in college psychology classes. Or like going to a fortune-teller.

The question about age didn't offend her.

"Ah! Thirty!" the doctor repeated after her. Spoken like that, thirty seemed a wonderfully interesting age, one with unlimited possibilities—not at all a time when life has grown routine.

She had anticipated his next question. She had been married since, well, almost the moment Stephen got home from overseas. She had two children, both girls: Jennifer was four; the other, Francy, was twenty months.

The doctor said "Ah!" twice more, repeating the information after her, subtly approving her intelligent co-operation.

She had been ready with her answers about Stephen, too: that he was thirty-two and worked in the bank—in the loan department; that they had known each other since childhood and had planned to be married almost since their high-school days.

But the doctor hadn't asked about Stephen. Instead there came that unexpected, penetrating question: "And—are you happily married, Madam?"

Prudence, startled, pushed her hair away from her face and narrowed her eyes at the telephone. In the back of her mind she was aware that the baby had begun to fret and soon would break into a full-fledged wail. I must get rid of this man, she thought.

"Are you—perfectly happy, Madam?"

There was an ever-so-slight pressure in the repetition. The voice, still warm and reassuring, had grown more impersonal, so that it was hard to connect it with reality. How strange, part of her mind commented leisurely. How strange that you never have asked yourself that question.

Oh, but you have, snapped back another part of her mind. You have asked yourself that question. And you have answered it, too.

"My marriage," Prudence heard herself saying slowly, deliberately, "is about as exciting as a visit to the laundry."

"Thank you, Madam," the doctor said. A click sounded in her ear.

The baby was fulfilling her promise now. Francy's wails rang through the small house. "Mummy!" she called, "Mummy! Get Francy!"

Prudence put the telephone back on its cradle, but her hand clung to it as if by the contact she could retain some hold on the words she had spoken.

She heard Jennifer run in the back door, forgetting, as usual, not to let it bang. I must get her mittens, Prudence thought. It's too chilly for her to be playing outside with bare hands. But she seemed incapable of making a motion.

Francy's wails dwindled off. Probably Jennifer had paused by the playpen and diverted her sister. Jennifer already was such a help, such a joy.

"How could I?" Prudence said aloud.

How could she have belittled her and Stephen's relationship with that crude comparison! And to a perfect stranger! She shuddered and tried to take comfort in the phone call's assurance of her anonymity.

But a vague uneasiness overtook her. She rose and walked to the dining-room, unconsciously shrugging her slender shoulders as if attempting to shake off something distasteful.

Francy was gurgling unintelligibly to Jennifer, who crouched beside the playpen looking like a tiny gnome in her pixie cap and bulky winter playsuit. Prudence reached into the pocket of her dressing-gown for a handkerchief.

"Don't cry, Mummy. It doesn't hurt bad."

Prudence looked down quickly. Jennifer had left the playpen and was standing quietly beside her, staring up with serious intensity, an expression so like Stephen's. There were traces of tears on the child's face.

Prudence dropped to her knees. "What doesn't hurt bad, darling?" she said, adding untruthfully, "I wasn't crying dear."

Jennifer held out a rather dirty hand, palm upward. The red line crossed it.

Prudence took the square little hand in her own slender one. With one finger she lightly traced the fine line. "O darling! Mother's so sorry! So sorry!" She put her arm around the little girl and held her tightly. Once more she felt uncontrollable tears well up in her eyes.

Jennifer patted her cheek. "I'm all right, Mummy," insisted, although she too was crying now.

"How did it happen, darling?" Prudence asked.

"I was digging out a rock, Mummy. For the garden. Such a pretty rock!"

"Come, darling, let's fix it," Prudence said, leading Jennifer to the bathroom.

Finding herself deserted, Francy broke into a tentative whimper.

Francy's like me, Prudence thought grimly. In twenty months Francy demanded more attention than Jennifer had received in four years.

Please turn to page 8

Once again the voice repeated the question but still Prudence hesitated to reply



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By the time Jennifer was bandaged and mitted and Francy led and momentarily quiet, Prudence's remorse threatened to engulf her. All her sins marched round in her head.

She remembered some early skirmishes with love when she had let matters skid dangerously, although in her heart she always had known she'd eventually marry Stephen. Even now there was her secret delight in the knowledge that men found her attractive, disturbing. Secret, too, was her frequent, seething resentment against domesticity.

When they were first married she had begged Stephen to let her go on with her little career as an apprentice fashion designer. He would have given in, too, except that they discovered Jennifer was coming.

And when they settled in this pleasant but rather ordinary suburb, Prudence knew they had made the right decision. Yet sometimes she had been rebellious at Stephen's contentment.

Oh, she had been reckless, vain, selfish, frivolous, disloyal, Prudence admitted, heaping abuse upon herself lavishly. But now her whole heart yearned for redemption.

Deliberately she marched into the living-room and began rummaging through a file of newspapers. Fortunately Stephen liked to have them kept for two or three days.

On the second page of Tuesday's paper she found the small article she wanted. It didn't say much after all, scarcely more than what she had remembered.

A group of psychologists had taken office space in the Briar Building and were beginning a compilation of statistics about marriages in the community. The statistics were to be used in connection with a projected marriage clinic. The group was under the direction of Dr. Temple Paul.

Prudence read the article once very rapidly and again with painful slowness. Then she began to tremble. There was nothing here about choosing telephone numbers from a pool—nothing about telephone interviews at all.

Leaning back in the big chair—Stephen's chair—Prudence waited until she was sure she could control her voice. Then she rose with unaccustomed quickness and walked rapidly to the telephone.

"Give me the number of the Marriage Clinic Research Office, please," Prudence told the operator. Her heart pounded in her throat as she waited. She dialled the number, conscious of a rising, unreasoning panic.

A crisp feminine voice said, "Good morning. The M.C.R."

Ask Me No Questions

Continued from page 7

"Dr. Paulo, please," Prudence's voice was tight.

"I'm sorry, Dr. Paulo is out. May I help you?"

Prudence felt drained of everything but her need to know. "Dr. Paulo called me this morning and—asked some questions. About my marriage. I want very much to change one of my answers."

There was a pause. When the response came it registered surprise, even incredulity. "We are conducting no telephone questionnaire, Madam. Anyway, Dr. Paulo is out of the city. She left yesterday for Chicago. There's a conference—"

"Shel!" Prudence heard herself cry out. "Dr. Paulo is a woman?"

"Why, yes. She—"

"I see," Prudence said from the bottom of her abyss. "I see. Thank you."

What a fool, she thought as she replaced the receiver. What a fool I am! Of course they wouldn't just call. They'd show credentials—that sort of thing.

Back in Stephen's chair Prudence curled up miserably and began to sort her impressions. Who could have played such a trick? Who of her acquaintances would have or could have impersonated Dr. Paulo?

Prudence knew only too well. Ned Copening! Ned always could play any part. Back in the days when she, Stephen, and Ned were in school together it had been one of their sure-fire jokes to put Ned on the telephone to impersonate just about anyone. Ned certainly could be Dr. Paulo. She had defined, at last, the vague fear swimming beneath the surface of her mind.

Ned had called Stephen last night to say he would be in town this morning. The Copenings lived about thirty-five miles away, in the small town where Ned headed a branch insurance office.

Ned and Marion had a little boy between Francy's and Jennifer's ages. Oh, all of them were settled and staid enough! They hadn't played practical jokes in years. No wonder she had almost forgotten that they ever had.

Prudence tried to recall every tiny nuance of the voice on the telephone. It could have been Ned's, she supposed. Was it imagination which supplied her memory with some background talk, even laughter—a man's laughter? Why, the call might have been made from Stephen's own desk—with Stephen sitting somewhere near, listening in on the extension.

She imagined Ned and Stephen plotting the joke between them: Ned laughing, needling, daring; Stephen sure she would remember Ned's old genius

for initiation, but going along with the gag.

What was the first question? Her age? How Ned would have teased if she'd fudged—overlooked last month's birthday and claimed an eternal twenty-nine. Prudence smiled that she had survived that hurdle, but the smile died quickly before the memory of that last, most fateful question.

"We'll find out how you really rate, old man," Ned would have said, dialling her number.

What had they expected? Why, that she would giggle at their foolishness and say, "Oh, Ned! Come off it!" Or, failing that, that she would answer Doctor Paulo's question about her happiness with an unequivocal yes. And then? Why, then Stephen and Ned would have laughed and probably invited her to lunch, provided she could make a deal about the children with Corinna.

To be honest, Stephen had reason for confidence. Their marriage had been unusually smooth, with no serious money troubles, no in-law problems, the children healthy, bright, attractive.

CLEARLY the fact stood out—they loved each other—they did! Prudence's tightly clenched fist beat on the soft arm of the big chair. Tears ran unnoticed down her cheeks. Only an unruly subconscious, stupid and ungrateful, had made her call her marriage dull, made her imply that she had no more feeling for Stephen than for a laundry.

But could she explain? Could she save Stephen's pride, erase his mortification, restore his confidence?

Like an answering omen came the thought of Stephen's face the night they had discussed their neighbors Corinna and Jim Nelson.

Corinna was proud, ambitious, spirited. Jim, unable to come up to her expectations in the usual jobs, was continually promoting some harebrained, get-rich-quick scheme. He had become the laughing stock of the town and of his own home.

"She acts as though she hasn't a spark of feeling for him," Prudence had said. "I suppose she goes on living with him only because of the children. And he's utterly mad about her."

"No man with any self-respect..." Stephen had begun. Then his lean, square jaw had set. There was no need for him to complete his statement. The meaning was plain: in Stephen's book no man worth his salt accepted mere duty offerings, no matter

how much he might care for a woman.

A future without Stephen! Prudence could not—would not—accept it. She jumped up in a gesture of spontaneous rejection. There must be something to do.

Her impulse was to go to Stephen at once—to forget the house, even the children, until she and Stephen had made their peace. Suppose she dropped the children off at Corinna's, then went to the bank to see Stephen? What then?

She might try a grand bluff: call and pretend she had known all along that "Doctor Paulo" was Ned. But no—if Stephen had heard her answer he would know she had been in deadly earnest. And, if by some happy chance Stephen had not been on that extension, Ned might have covered for her—said she was furious at the question and had banged down the receiver.

She dared not jeopardise any slim chance that Stephen had been spared hurt. Reluctantly she reconciled herself to waiting until Stephen came home at six-thirty. Even then she must take her cue from him.

In the meantime... Prudence's eyes travelled from the disordered stack of papers at her feet to the rug that needed sweeping and the toys that were still strewn about after last night's playtime. Her mind's eye pictured the unwashed breakfast dishes, and soon she must think about the children's lunch.

Prudence plunged in with sudden feverish energy. She and the house must both be fresh and bright when Stephen came home. For dinner she would have baked potatoes and steak he particularly loved, even though it meant a hurried visit to the shops. And could she possibly wash her hair, too? Quickly she decided that she would.

"Please, darling, another bite," Prudence was pleading with Francy several hours and a half a hundred odd jobs later. It was the wrong approach with Francy, who bitterly resented the hurrying of any attentions due her.

"Open up the tunnel—here comes the train," Prudence tried. A spoonful of peas was successfully stowed in Francy's suddenly co-operative little mouth.

"A great big engine going chug, chug," Prudence pursued, and some chopped veal followed the peas.

If I can just be patient, Prudence thought. Stephen must have seen her dozens of times with her hair pinned up. But to-night was different. Crucial.

Please turn to page 48

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



Arabella

By GEORGETTE HEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Part six of a ten-part serial

WHEN ARABELLA TALLANT comes from her obscure Yorkshire vicarage home to spend a London season with her wealthy godmother, LADY BRIDLINGTON, her ladyship is surprised and delighted by the flattering attention paid by society to her godchild.

She does not know that this is because Arabella, piqued by the behaviour of society leader RICHARD BEAUMARIS, told him that she was fabulously wealthy, and this tale has brought fortune-hunters flocking to court her.

Meanwhile Beaumaris is increasingly intrigued by Arabella. Knowing her tale to be quite untrue, he embarks on an entertaining flirtation with her, then finds his interest really caught by her unsophistication and her surprising humanity.

This reaches its height when she insists on befriending a small chimney-sweep. Beaumaris, amazing himself, agrees to take charge of the urchin. Later, when he takes Arabella for a drive, he tries to induce her to tell him the truth about herself, but at this she promptly assumes an artificial society manner. NOW READ ON:

DURING most of the drive back to London, Arabella maintained her society manner, but when the open country was left behind and the curricule was passing once more between rows of houses, it deserted her abruptly. In the middle of the narrow street, the greys took high-bred exception to a waggon with a tattered and flapping canvas roof, which was drawn up to one side of the road.

There was barely room for the curricule to slip past this obstruction, and Mr. Beaumaris, his attention all on his horses, failed to take notice of a group of youths bending over some object on the flag-way or even to hear an anguished yelp. This, however, made Arabella cast aside the light rug which covered her legs, crying out, "Oh, stop!" and shut her sunshade with a snap.

Mr. Beaumaris did indeed pull up, but Arabella did not wait for the curricule to come to a standstill before springing haphazardly down from it.

Holding his sidling, snorting pair in an iron hand, Mr. Beaumaris, in a quick glance over his shoulder, saw her dispersing the group on the pavement by the vigorous use of her sunshade and snapped, "Go to their heads, fool!"

His groom, still perched up behind, and apparently dumb-founded by Miss Tallant's strange conduct, came to himself with a start, jumped down and ran round to hold the greys. Mr. Beaumaris sprang down and descended swiftly upon the battleground.

Having scientifically knocked two louts' heads together, picked up the third by his collar and the seat of his breeches and thrown him into the road, he was able to see what had aroused Miss Tallant's wrath.

Crouched, shivering and whimpering, on the flag-way was a small, sandy-coated mongrel, with a curly tail and one ear disreputably flying.

"Those wicked, brutal fiends!" panted Miss Tallant, cheeks and eyes in a glow. "They were torturing the poor little thing!"

"Take care! He may snap at you!" Mr. Beaumaris said quickly, seeing her about to kneel down beside the dog. "Shall I thrash them all soundly?"

At these words, the two smaller boys departed precipitately, the two whose heads were still ringing drew out of range of Mr. Beaumaris' whip, and the bruised youth in the road whined that they weren't doing any harm, and that all his ribs were busted.

"How badly have they hurt him?" Miss Tallant asked anxiously. "He cries when I touch him."

Mr. Beaumaris pulled off his gloves and handed them to her together with his whip, saying, "Hold these for me, and I'll see."

She obediently took them and watched anxiously while he went over the mongrel. She saw with approval that he handled the little creature firmly and gently, in a way that showed he knew what he was about.

The dog whined and uttered little cries and cowered, but he did not snap. Indeed, he feebly wagged his disgraceful tail and once licked Mr. Beaumaris' hand.

"He is badly bruised and has one or two nasty sores, but there are no bones broken," Mr. Beaumaris said, straightening himself.

He turned to where the two remaining youths were stand-



ing poised on the edge of flight, and said sternly, "Whose dog is this?"

"It don't belong to no one," he was sullenly informed. "It goes all over, stealing things off of the rubbish heaps; yus, and out of the butcher's shop!"

The accused crawled to Mr. Beaumaris' elegantly shod feet and pawed one gleaming Hessian appealingly.

"Oh, see how intelligent he is," cried Arabella, stooping to fondle the animal. "He knows he has you to thank for his rescue."

"If he knows that, I think little of his intelligence, Miss Tallant," said Mr. Beaumaris. "He owes his life to you."

"Oh, no! I could never have managed without your help. Will you be so obliging as to hand him up to me, if you please?" said Arabella, climbing into the curricule again.

MR. BEAUMARIS looked from Arabella to the unkempt and filthy mongrel at his feet. "Are you quite sure that you want to take him with you, ma'am?" he asked.

"Why, of course! You do not suppose that I would leave him here for those wretches to torment as soon as we were out of sight? Please give him to me!"

Mr. Beaumaris' lips twitched, but he said with perfect gravity, "Just as you wish, Miss Tallant," and picked up the dog by the scruff of his neck. He saw Miss Tallant's arms held out to receive her new protegee and hesitated. "He is very dirty, you know!"

"Oh what does that signify? I have soiled my dress already, with kneeling on the flag-way," said Arabella impatiently.

So Mr. Beaumaris deposited the dog on her lap, received his whip and gloves from her again, and stood watching with a faint smile while she made the dog comfortable and stroked its ears and murmured soothingly to it. She looked up.

"What do we wait for, sir?" she asked, surprised. "Nothing at all, Miss Tallant," he said and got into the curricule.

Miss Tallant, continuing to fondle the dog, spoke her mind with force on the subject of persons who were cruel to animals, and thanked Mr. Beaumaris for knocking the boys' heads together, a proceeding which seemed to have met with her unqualified approval.

She then occupied herself with talking to the dog, informing him of the splendid dinner he should presently be given

"Mr. Beaumaris," Arabella said anxiously, "something tells me that Lady Bridlington may not like this dear little dog."

and the warm bath which he would (she said) so much enjoy. But after a time she relapsed into meditative silence. "What is it, Miss Tallant?" asked Mr. Beaumaris, who she showed no sign of breaking the silence.

"Do you know," she said slowly, "I have just thought Mr. Beaumaris—something tells me that Lady Bridlington may not like this dear little dog."

Mr. Beaumaris waited in patient resignation for his certificate to descend upon him. Arabella turned impulsively towards him. "Mr. Beaumaris, do you think—would you—?"

He looked down into her anxious, pleading eyes, a rueful twinkle in his own. "Yes, Miss Tallant," he said. "I would."

Her face broke into smiles. "Thank you!" she said. "I knew I might depend upon you." She turned the mongrel head gently towards Mr. Beaumaris.

"There, sir, that is your new master, who will be very kind to you! Only see how intelligently he looks. Mr. Beaumaris, I am sure he understands. I dare say he will grow to be quite devoted to you."

Mr. Beaumaris looked at the animal and repressed a shudder. "Do you think so indeed?" he said.

"Oh, yes! He is not, perhaps, very beautiful, but mongrels are often the cleverest of all dogs." She smoothed the creature's rough head and added, "He will be company to you, you know. I wonder you do not have a dog already."

"I do—in the country," he replied.

"Oh, sporting dogs! They are not at all the same." Mr. Beaumaris, after another look at his prospective companion, found himself able to agree sincerely with this remark.

"When he has been groomed and has put some flesh on his bones," Arabella went on serenely, "he will look very different. I am quite anxious to see him in a week or two."

Mr. Beaumaris drew up his horses outside Lady Bridlington's house. Arabella gave the dog a last pat and set it on the seat beside his new owner, bidding him stay there. He seemed a little undecided at first, but being too bruised and battered to leap down, he did stay, whining loudly.

Please turn to page 10

Cupid and the Baby Sitter



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Arabella Continued from page 9

WHEN Mr. Beaumaris, having handed Arabella up to the door and seen her admitted into the house, returned to the curriole, the dog promptly stopped whining and welcomed him with every sign of relief and affection.

"Your instinct is at fault," said Mr. Beaumaris. "Left to myself, I should abandon you to your fate. That, or tie a brick round your neck and drown you."

His canine admirer wagged a doubtful tail and cocked an ear.

"You are a disgraceful object," Mr. Beaumaris told him, "and what does she expect me to do with you?" A tentative paw was laid on his knee.

"Possibly," Mr. Beaumaris stated, "but let me tell you that I know your sort. You are a toad-eater and I abominate toad-eaters. I suppose if I sent you into the country my own dogs would kill you on sight."

The severity in his tone made the dog cower a little, still looking up at him with the expression of a dog anxious to understand.

"Have no fear," Mr. Beaumaris assured him, laying a fleeting hand on his head. "She clearly wishes me to keep you in town. Did it occur to her, I wonder, that your manners, I have no doubt, leave much to be desired?"

A choking sound from his groom made him say over his shoulder, "I hope you like dogs, Clayford, for you are going to wash this specimen."

"Yes, sir," said his grinning attendant.

"Be very kind to him," commanded Mr. Beaumaris. "Who knows? He may take a liking to you."

But at ten o'clock that evening, Brough, Mr. Beaumaris' butler, bearing a tray of suitable refreshments to the library, admitted into the room a washed, brushed, and fed mongrel, who came in with something as near a prance as could be expected of one in his emaciated condition.

At sight of Mr. Beaumaris, seeking solace from his favorite poet in a deep winged chair by the fire, he uttered a shrill bark of delight and reared himself up on his hind legs, his paws on Mr. Beaumaris' knees, his tail furiously wagging, and a look of beaming adoration in his eyes.

Mr. Beaumaris lowered his "Horace." "Now, what the devil—" he demanded.

"Clayford brought the little dog up, sir," said Brough. "He said as you would wish to see how he looked. It seems, sir, that the dog didn't take to Clayford, as you might say."

Very restless, Clayford informs me, and whining all the evening.

He watched the dog thrust his muzzle under Mr. Beaumaris' hand, and said, "It's strange the way animals always go to you, sir. Quite happy now, isn't he?"

"Deploable," said Mr. Beaumaris. "Down, Ulysses! Learn that my pantaloons were not made to be pawed by such as you."

"He'll learn quick enough, sir," remarked Brough, setting a glass and a decanter down on the table at his master's elbow. "You can see he's as sharp as he can stare. Would there be anything more, sir?"

"No, only give this animal back to Clayford, and tell him

I am perfectly satisfied with his appearance."

"Clayford's gone off, sir. I don't think he can have understood that you wished him to take charge of the little dog," said Brough.

"I don't think he can have wanted to understand it," said Mr. Beaumaris grimly.

"As to that, sir, I'm sure I couldn't say. I doubt whether the dog will settle down with Clayford, him not having a way with dogs like he has with horses. I'm afraid he'll fret, sir."

"Oh, good heavens!" groaned Mr. Beaumaris. "Then take him down to the kitchen."

"Well, sir, of course—if you say so," replied Brough doubtfully. "Only there's Alphonse." He met his master's eye and apparently had no difficulty in reading the question in it.

"Yes, sir," he said regretfully. "Very French he has been on the subject. Quite shocking, I'm sure, but one has to remember that foreigners are queer and don't like animals."

"Very well," said Mr. Beaumaris, with a resigned sigh. "Leave him, then."

"Yes, sir," said Brough, and departed.

ULYSSES, who had been thoroughly, if a little timidly, inspecting the room during this exchange, now advanced to the hearthrug again and paused there, suspiciously regarding the fire.

He seemed to come to the conclusion that it was not actively hostile, for after a moment he curled himself up before it, heaved a sigh, laid his chin on Mr. Beaumaris' crossed ankles and disposed himself for sleep.

"I suppose you imagine you are being a companion to me," said Mr. Beaumaris.

Ulysses flattened his ears and gently stirred his tail.

"You know," said Mr. Beaumaris, "a prudent man would draw back at this stage."

Ulysses raised his head to yawn and then snuggled it back on Mr. Beaumaris' ankles and closed his eyes.

"You may be right," admitted Mr. Beaumaris. "But I wonder what next she will saddle me with?"

When Arabella had parted from Mr. Beaumaris at the door of Lady Bridlington's house, the butler who had admitted her informed her that

two gentlemen had called to see her and were awaiting her in the smaller saloon. This seemed to her unusual and she looked surprised.

The butler explained the matter by saying that one of the young gentlemen was particularly anxious to see her, since he came from Yorkshire, and would not be unknown to her.

A horrid fear gripped Arabella that she was now to be exposed to the whole of London, and it was with an almost shaking hand that she picked up the visiting card from the salver the butler was holding out to her.

But the name elegantly inscribed upon it was unknown to her; she could not recall ever having heard of, much less met, a Mr. Felix Scumthorpe.

"Two gentlemen?" she said.

"The other young gentleman, miss, did not disclose his name," replied the butler.

"Well, I suppose I must see them," Arabella decided. "Pray tell them that I shall be downstairs directly. Or is her ladyship in?"

"Her ladyship has not yet returned, miss."

Arabella hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. She went up to her room to change her soiled gown and came down again hoping that she had schooled her face not to betray her inward trepidation. She entered the saloon in a very stately way and looked rather challengingly across it.

There were, as the butler had warned her, two young gentlemen standing by the window. One was a slightly vacuous-looking youth, dressed with extreme nicety, and holding, besides his tall hat, an ebony cane and an elegant pair of gloves; the other was a tall, loose-limbed boy, with curly hair and an aquiline cast of countenance.

At sight of him, Arabella uttered a shriek, and ran across the room to cast herself upon his chest. "Bertram!"

"Here, I say, Bella," expostulated Bertram, recoiling.

"Mind what you are about, for heaven's sake! My neckcloth!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but I am so glad to see you! But how is this? Bertram, Papa is not in town?"

"Of course not!"

"Thank heaven for that!" Arabella exclaimed fervently, pressing her hands to her suddenly flaming cheeks.

Please turn to page 37

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FOR THE CHILDREN



Decision

By Robert Blake

ILLUSTRATED
BY
JOHN MILLS

STANDING at the window of the airless little flat, Barbara had her back to the room. After the silence of the last few minutes her voice sounded loud and unnaturally cheerful when she said, "It's nearly four o'clock, would you like a cup of tea?"

"I won't bother, thanks."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure." Guy picked a newspaper off a chair and pretended to read the headlines. They had been quarrelling, and the fact that they were still very polite to each other was not a good sign. He said abruptly, "I think I'll go out for half an hour."

Barbara turned back into the room. She was a tall girl with brown hair and fine, regular features, and with the afternoon sun behind her the fact that her well-cut, striped suit was a little shabby showed hardly at all. She said a little wearily, "Look, darling—let's call it a day, shall we? It's Saturday afternoon and we've done nothing since lunch except bicker and make ourselves thoroughly miserable."

Guy said stiffly, "I assure you—"

"If you're going to be pompous, I shall scream," Barbara broke in. She went over to him and took the newspaper out of his hands. "Quite?"

He grinned at her suddenly, and, as usual, her heart melted. But he stepped back and was looking into her face. "Seriously, though, can you see—well, just a bit of my point of view?"

And so they had got nowhere at all. Barbara suddenly felt very tired. She knew it was no good fighting any more—whatever she said or did, Guy would still argue himself into thinking he was right.

She sat down on the arm of a chair. "Look, darling, don't let's start again. But we're broke, and we've got Susan to look after. I know you're a good architect, but that doesn't seem to make us any money. So we are left with two alternatives."

"Which are?" Guy asked quietly.

"First, my going back to work."

"No."

Barbara sighed. "All right. Then you've got to go to make more money."

Guy said, "I will in time."

"Darling, this can't wait," Barbara told him. She made a small gesture with her hand. "It isn't a question of holidays or fur coats or things like that. It's money to pay the milkman and the baker and the electricity company. If you could do any sort of regular job for a while, just to tide us over—"

Guy's face was rather white, but his voice didn't hesitate. He said slowly, "All my life I've wanted to be an architect—not just an odd-job man fiddling his life away designing suburban garages and semi-detached houses. I want to do things that are worth while. A man's got to do the work that he feels he's got inside him. Can't you believe in me that much?"

"Of course I believe in you," Barbara said wretchedly. "Guy, I believe that one day you'll design some of the finest buildings this country's ever seen. You're good—I know you are. But you can't start at the top."

"And you can't start at the bottom, either, if you're going to get anywhere," Guy told her grimly. "Life just isn't long enough." A look of enthusiasm crept into his face. "I know I haven't made much in the way of money lately, but that design for the Memorial Theatre that I did—"

"That particular design did your reputation a lot of good, but it didn't earn us any money."

Guy said shortly, "There are those two other designs I've got out. Any day something may turn up."

"And every day we're spending a bit more of what little money we've got left," Barbara reminded him. Then her body relaxed. It was no good going on, she knew. It was just a waste of time. She said, "Anyway, we agreed to drop the subject. What about see-

"Just put them on the waiting list," Guy said, glancing at the bills.

ing if we can raise a baby-sitter from somewhere and then go to the local show?"

This time Guy really smiled. "That's the first really sensible suggestion you've made to-day." He picked up the telephone directory. "Whom shall we try first?"

"Try whom you like," Barbara told him. "You're the boss."

You're the boss. The words were still running through Barbara's mind as she lay awake in bed on the following Monday morning. A girl's husband should be the one to make the big decisions, she told herself. Or should he? She sat up in bed and looked down at Guy as he lay sleeping beside her. If you looked at him like that, she thought, he looked younger than ever.

And then she found herself querying the sudden rush of tenderness for him that flowed through her, wondering whether her love for him was more that of a mother for her child than a wife for a husband. And then knowing, with a rather wonderful certainty, that she loved Guy in spite of his inability to grow up, not because of it.

She got out of bed and went into the next room to look at Susan, to find her sitting up in bed enthusiastically feeding an imaginary breakfast to an old and ragged teddy bear.

Teddy's having breakfast early, isn't he, Poppet?"

The child looked at Barbara with large grey eyes—Guy's eyes. She said seriously, "He was hungry. And when he's hungry he's got to be fed."

She's got the right idea, Barbara thought wryly. She collected the mail and put the frying-pan on the gas stove before she inspected the envelopes. Three bills. Without opening them she knew where they were from: one from the gas people, one from the insurance company, and the third a reminder from the landlord to point out that there was still last month's rent on the flat owing.

"Anybody leave us any money?" Guy, unshaven and in his dressing-gown, poked his head in at the kitchen door.

Barbara held the three envelopes out for his inspection, and for a moment his face fell. Then it cleared again and he managed to grin. "Oh, well—three more on the waiting-list. Let's hope I make a fortune this week."

It was on the tip of her tongue to point out that far less than a fortune would solve their financial worries, but Barbara suppressed the desire. Instead, she busied herself getting

breakfast and seeing Guy off to the train and the single cheap room in the city that served him as an office. Then she went back to the kitchen and stood looking at the three bills where he had left them on the table. Then somebody rang the doorbell and she went out to find Marion Halliday from the flat above waiting for her.

She greeted Barbara, then: "You're not looking too bright. Anything the matter?"

Barbara managed to look a little more cheerful. "Just the usual," she confessed. "Domestic odds and ends that don't seem to clear themselves up. Bills, for instance."

The other girl nodded understandingly. "I know. It gets you down sometimes, doesn't it?" She thought for a moment and then added, "Being stuck indoors most of the day doesn't help, either. Why don't you take a morning off and go and look at the shops or something?"

Barbara smiled at the other girl's earnestness. "What about Susan?" she asked.

"I'll look after her for the morning."

"Thanks," Barbara said gratefully. "I'll do the same for you next week!"

By eleven o'clock Barbara had walked the length of the city, window-shopping all the way. Then she found she was outside a block of offices.

Before she had married she had worked there. Four years ago she had been private secretary to the managing director of one of the biggest engineering firms in the city—a smart, efficient business woman. It was rather terrifying to realise that it all seemed so long ago.

"Wishing you were back?"

Barbara looked up as a well-remembered voice spoke quietly behind her, finding its owner in a tall, immaculately dressed figure with iron-grey hair and a distinguished, though unexpectedly human, face. She said, "Mr. Burton!"

"Well, it's flattering to know that you remember me." He admitted, "I have never found another decent secretary."

Barbara smiled slightly. "Not one?"

"Well—one or two here and there," Mr. Burton grinned. "But the little fools all run off to get married. Last one left me yesterday." He looked at Barbara with genuine pleasure. "Can you spare the time to have a cup of coffee with me?"

"Thank you, I'd love to."

They went into the large grey building and upwards to Mr. Burton's suite of offices.

"Sit down, my dear." Mr. Burton picked up a phone and ordered coffee. When it came he sat on the edge of his desk and looked at his ex-secretary. "Tell me about yourself."

"I left you to get married." He nodded, and she went on, "We've a little girl of three—live in one of the new suburbs." She sipped her coffee and avoided looking up.

Without warning, Mr. Burton said, "Do you want your old job back?"

It startled her. For a moment her mind accepted the suggestion at its face value, prompting her to accept. Then she shook her head. "Thank you, but I don't think so."

"You hesitated. May I ask why?"

Barbara felt the color coming into her face. She said awkwardly, "Did I? I suppose it's a sort of automatic reaction to say 'yes' to a suggestion like that."

"If it's an automatic reaction for a young married woman to want to return to commercial life, then there's even more wrong with marriage to-day than I thought." He leaned forward a little. "Look, my dear. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"That's very kind of you," Barbara said a little stiffly, "but why should there be?"

"Because I spend most of my life looking into people's faces trying to understand what's going on in their minds," he said. "Now look, Mrs—"

Please turn to page 46

By Frank Bonham

THE MISS

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

ALWAYS the best kind of experience is the kind that takes on, from the start, the right air of unreality; it unfolds as if in an agreeable dream; anything might happen. Some places have this quality, too, but mostly places unreal in themselves; not, one would think, a cinema on the outskirts of Bath.

It was not until the shadowy female in the next seat, without the least warning, shot out of it, cried "Meat! Meat!" fell over Lucy and Louis, and disappeared from view, that the evening became anything but ordinary.

Lucy and Louis, having seen the main film, were sitting through the supporting piece in a kind of coma, kept in their places partly by lethargy, partly by disinclination not to get their money's worth, since they rarely went to a cinema. The cry of "Meat! Meat!" was enough to set them going; they looked at each other, got up in silence, and pushed open the still pulsating doors marked "exit."

In the pink light of the entrance hall the female was to be seen scuttling out towards the street. She was what Lucy and Louis called a Miss, meaning not any spinster, but a particular kind. She was dressed genteelly in a grey suit and a hat which sprouted a puff of grey feathers. Though her face could not be seen, it could without difficulty be imagined.

"Meat," said Lucy, pulling on her gloves.

"She perhaps leaves it in the oven," said Louis, "and forgets it."

"Some sort of meat seemed to be going on in the film, but I don't remember any meat, do you?"

"I remember not even any meat, but when I am awake and one says to me, 'Food,' Lucy, then I think always of meat—une cotelette de veau garnie, ou peut-être des tournedos . . ."

"Ca suffit; not everyone is so carnivorous. She might be a vegetarian shouting a protest," Lucy said.

"Or, since in this uncivilised language one can say the same thing with different letters, it may be that she forgets to meet someone, that is to say, rencontrer," Louis countered.

"Conceivably," said Lucy, being kind, "but if you forget an appointment you wouldn't on the whole be quite so peculiar. You might say 'Good grief—Kenneth!' or 'My hat! the Pump Room, nine-fifteen,' or probably just 'Damnation,' but no one but a lunatic would say 'meet!'"

"One must consider everything," said Louis, undamped. "But it is clearly the meat in the oven. If you must know, you could ask her because she is there waiting for the bus like a cat on hot feet."

"Bricks," said Lucy, with automatic persistence, almost without thinking. Under the bus-stop sign the Miss fidgeted, irresolute, taking a short run forward, peering back, torn between a certainly fatal period of walking and a probably catastrophic wait. Watching her from the steps, Lucy appeared to come to a decision. "We could give her a lift," he said, "couldn't we? You get the

car, Louis, while I go and pick her up."

She crossed the street to the bus stop and offered a lift with the right air of casual philanthropy, the Miss fluttered. Her glasses shone minute beams of reflected lamps on Lucy's smart hat and navy town suit scented only faintly with Pretexie superimposed hopefully on a smell of mothballs. Lucy could see them approving the absence of furs, of heel-spikes, of red nails and diamonds; passed the Lady Test, she thought smugly.

"That would be very kind of you," said the Miss, "very kind indeed. I am really most—the fact is, I had forgotten that I—that my maid is out. Of course, everything is bolted, but one doesn't like to leave a house empty for long."

"Most unwise," said Lucy, who hadn't bolted the front door for years except when they went on holiday. She added, "Of course, it's different for us in the country."

"Oh, you live in the country? Delightful," said the Miss.

"My husband is a farmer," said Lucy, anxious to get this in before Louis appeared and thus give him at least a respectable background.

"A beautiful life," cried the Miss. "I always think to be at one with the good earth is so—and how busy you must be; poultry, I expect, curing hams and drying herbs, butter, and so on . . ."

"Well," said Lucy rather hurriedly, "I have three children. My mother is looking after them while we have a few days' holiday here, not holiday exactly because my husband is buying a new tractor, but it's a change."

At this moment Louis, in the ancient but once good car, exploded from the car park and thundered across the road. The hood was down. Louis had wound himself in a black woollen scarf and put on his beret; he kept both these articles under the seat, the one in case it was cold, and the other for when he greased the car.

The Miss looked apprehensive. Her eyes turned from Louis (no, it can't be) to the car park (he must be on the way), back to Louis (we are being accosted), and then with increasing doubt to Lucy, who said, "Do sit in the front, won't you? It's more sheltered and rather cleaner."

The Miss looked more apprehensive than ever, but let herself be coaxed into the front seat; during the coaxing, Lucy managed to give Louis a sharp blow with her elbow, though not as sharp as she could have wished. Louis smiled. Lucy extracted uneasy directions from the Miss, and they roared off.

Lucy knew that Louis was going to do something difficult. She leaned her arms on the back of the front seat and began talking about Bath. It was easy to see what the Miss was thinking; her husband is a farmer; this cannot be a farmer; therefore this cannot be her husband. Driving in silence, Louis waited benignly for a pause in the conversational flow. When it came he inclined towards the Miss, turned on her a momentary but intent stare, and said in an un-

naturally foreign accent, "Ect is perhaps already now too late . . ."

Appalled, the Miss jerked sideways and looked at him as if he had bitten her. She opened her mouth twice and said in a faint voice, "Too . . ."

"For the meat," said Louis, "in the oven. It will be burnt, no?"

The Miss appeared (if that were possible) even more flustered than before, and Lucy realised that Louis was suspected of being not only sinister but psychic. "It isn't second sight," she said, "we were sitting next to you in the cinema."

At this the poor Miss relaxed, though gradually, and still alarmed by Louis. "How silly of me—I should have known, shouldn't I? It went right out of my mind, and then I remembered in a flash. So startling. You see, it's the week's joint, and the weather is rather close, isn't it, and my maid being out I put it in the oven to seal it up—I believe that's what one should do—and then came out and quite forgot to—how clever of you to have guessed," Louis, satisfied now that he had made his effect, unbent and turned on charm; Lucy watched the Miss disapprove, doubt, hesitate, and succumb.

As soon as they reached their destination, hindered by little flurries from the front seat (I could really get down at this corner—well, to the left there, it is slightly quicker) it became plain that Lucy's irrational impulse had been right. The house was a beauty. It was part of a little crescent half-enclosed a dark garden of trees. War had ripped away the railings, but left the houses intact; the bloom of decay on their smoky-gold stone, the touch of the past on the present, made them more romantic and no less elegant.

NOW Lucy was filled with a desire to penetrate this dreamlike eighteenth-century facade. She unpacked the Miss, who fidgeted agonisedly on the kerb. "How very kind of you," said the Miss. "I am so grateful. I do hope—but, of course, you must come in and have some refreshment—perhaps a glass of wine?"

"Wine?" said Louis' eyebrows; and he climbed out. Either homemade elderberry or the best tonic, or perhaps Empire port type, Lucy said to herself, and here comes the poor sap expecting Chateau Lafite; but she only followed the Miss up the three shallow steps to the door, without a word to Louis, who in return for his earlier performance deserved all he got, and more.

While the Miss hunted for her key, Lucy looked down over the railings, which here had been preserved to stop the inhabitants from breaking their necks, into the basement area and that of the house next door. Against the dividing grille between them leaned a maid, enjoying the night air.

Seeing, in these days, a maid properly dressed in a uniform and a cap instead of in flowered silk struck Lucy at once as nicely odd and out of date. Their eyes met as she stood, above, and the maid's glance, flickering to include the still fumbling Miss, was accompanied mysteriously

by a shake of the head; not an urgent shake, but one expressing an entirely incomprehensible, resigned pity. Lucy did not have time to think it out, or even to counter with a look of inquiry, before the front door was opened at last by the Miss and they were enveloped in a strong smell of burning.

"Oh, dear," cried the Miss in anguish, "oh, I'm afraid—how could I have forgotten? Such beautiful meat, too. Perhaps in here it will—no, it isn't very bad if I shut the door quickly. This is my own little sitting-room—I think if I open the window at the top—now, please, sit down and be comfortable, and I will just go and turn off the—won't take a minute . . ." She shot out.

"I am enjoying this," said Lucy. "When you came out of the car park I thought we were finished, but now I'll have to forgive you. It's like a room in a museum."

She wandered, inspecting the painted china, the everlasting flowers, the beaded stools and the water-colours, on which pink light spouted from a fringed shade. "Sacrilege, really," she said, thinking of the house, "but how agreeably awful."

"It is a very great lot of things," said Louis, "in a little room."

"Some types of inferiority complex like to have their elbows confined," said Lucy.

Louis looked perplexed; took out his pipe, peered into it and guiltily put it back.

"Another thing," Lucy said, "did you see that maid in the next-door basement? She shook her head at me. I can't think what she meant; it might have been Danger, or Shame, or anything. But it doesn't matter," said Lucy, "because I've just remembered what I was trying to think of—she was like that piece of Eliot."

"I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids."

Sprouting despondently at area gates."

Louis thought this over in silence. He said finally, "It is poetry, no?"

"Yes."

"Area," said Louis after some more thought, "is what you call basement, yes?"

"Yes," said Lucy.

"But if it is basement, it is that one sees their heads and not their feet."

"No one said anything about feet. You seem to have got it all wrong, with your usual dexterity."

"I am so sorry," said the Miss, letting herself in with a strong blast of charred meat, "so rude to leave you like this. I'm afraid it was burnt right up, but nothing was actually on fire, and I have opened all the—we must hope the smell will blow away. Do please sit down—forgive me for asking," she said in confidential tones to Lucy, "but your—your husband is not English, is he?"

"He is my husband," said Lucy, "but he is French."

"Indeed—how very interesting! But surely—didn't you say he was a farmer?"

"One can be a farmer," said Louis, turning his attention from an anonymous bottle and three glasses on a tray the Miss had brought



in with her, at which he had been directing furtive and increasingly appalled glances, "and be also French. In France I am a farmer, I am fils du peuple. In the war I come here. I am discharged from the air, and now I am a farmer in England."

"I know the French like wine," the Miss said, "so I have brought up some of my own parsnip—it's three years old, and really I am afraid quite potent—now you both try it."

With a kind of whinny the Miss bent over and filled the three glasses with a fluid that reminded Louis at once, though he could not think why, and indeed would rather not have dwelt on the idea at all, of the stuff in which biological specimens in hospital laboratories are kept.

"I have to keep it locked up," said the Miss, "for fear of tempting my maid. It would not be at all good for her—she is a little unbal-

Which of the three was right? We leave you to solve the provocative ending yourself....



anced, she has hallucinations. Do you find it strong?"

"I find it unbelievable," said Louis. "What sort of hallucinations?" said Lucy, interested.

"It's rather difficult to describe—often she thinks she is someone else. May I give you some more wine?"

Lucy was about to say how delicious it was, but really they ought to be thinking of going when the front door across the hall was thunderously shut, rattling the Presents from Bournemouth on the mantelpiece, and a tramp like a policeman's began milling around in the hall.

"Oh, dear," said the Miss, "oh, she has come back early. I thought she would be—no, you mustn't think of going; do have another glass of wine—this is my private sitting-room, she won't come in here, May I—?"

Lucy was so engrossed in wondering why the maid was unwelcome, why it was necessary to insist she wouldn't burst into sitting-rooms, and why she wore Army Boots, that she found her glass filled up before she could muster an excuse; but Louis, more concerned with his stomach than with mad domestics, got off by saying, "Thank you, no—I must not

be tempted. When I drink I drive not so good."

The Miss looked anxiously at the door, clapping the parsnip bottle round its neck, making a kind of weak rescue bid. "I think perhaps—" But Lucy never knew what was in her mind, for into the middle of the sentence burst another Miss, an enormous one, dressed in felt, tweed, and ankle-boots, and in a state of belligerent alarm crying: "Good grief, Marian—not the joint?"

"Everything's all right, do please be calm, Amelia," said the Miss, far from calm herself, but fired perhaps by two glasses of parsnip wine. "It did get a little burnt, but I remembered—I was in the cinema and monsieur very kindly drove me home . . ."

"Monsieur?"

"Madame," said Louis, misunderstanding and bowing politely.

"Monsieur is French," said the Miss unnecessarily. Seeing endless complications ahead and directed by a nice sense of timing, Lucy got up firmly and said, "Thank you so much for the drink; it was delightful; but I'm afraid we shall really have to go now."

"Oh, please don't—I have so enjoyed our talk—you mustn't let Amelia drive you away. She has the privileges of an old retainer, you know," said the Miss, dropping her voice, but not far enough.

"Marian," roared Army Boots, "kindly remember your place. There's such a thing as goin' too far. You had better clear up after your party; I will show your friends out for you."

Army Boots tramped through the hall. "Very kind of you to bring my maid back," she said. Lucy saw Louis open his mouth; she kicked him. "Glad she asked you in. She's a trifle unbalanced, as you can see, embarrassin', but no harm in it, and you can't pick and choose these days. Good-night to you both."

Lucy was somehow faintly surprised to see the car still there; a street lamp threw a circle of light round it, across the pavement and up the lovely front of the house; it shone also on the next-door maid, who now stood leaning against the railings at the top of the area steps.

"Lucy," said Louis, "I think I have not understood who is what."

"I'll be candid with you," said

Lucy. "I think I haven't, either."

"Quite easy," said the next-door maid. "They're both dotty."

The maid cast a resigned eye upwards; the other being, Lucy decided, of glass, remained disconcertingly fixed on her. "They each pretends it's theirs." Her gaze reunited. "They likes it, see, pretending they each got a maid; gives them something to think about, like. Cor, look out," she said and melted away competently. Out of the front door, down the three steps, pattered the Miss, guilty and short of breath.

"Do forgive me," she said, "I just wanted to thank you again and apologise for Amelia—I told you, you know—when she has one of her spells on she's liable to burst in like that. I do hope you didn't—perhaps if you are still in Bath you could come and see me on Monday afternoon—she goes out on Mondays."

"We'd love to, if we're still here," said Lucy.

"Were you talking to the maid next door?" the Miss asked. "She always tries to get into conversation. She's not quite—you know . . ." She tapped her forehead. "Oh, yes," said Lucy.

Louis was unable to hide his horror as he and Lucy watched her pour the drinks.

"Marian!" bellowed Army Boots from within.

"Good-bye," cried the Miss.

At the corner of the crescent Louis braked. "My beret; I leave it there."

"Do you want to go back?"

Louis meditated, sighed, and drove on. Lucy said, "What a wonderful evening; wasn't it heaven?"

"The domestic," said Louis, "in the basement. I look at her feet. They are quite dry. They do not sprout."

"Sprout? Why should they?" said Lucy, thinking of something else. "You sound as dotty as the Misses. I expect by now they're boiling your beret in a cauldron, with a mail's liver and someone's thumb."

"Comment?" said Louis disbelievably.

Lucy said it again. Louis slowed down the car and peered at her. "It is confectious, this," he said. "We get away from here quickly." He put his foot down on the accelerator.

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Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood

Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 36

February 6, 1952

NO LAND OF PLENTY

MOST people grumbled about queues and rationing during the war, while accepting them as a bitter necessity.

Here we are, nearly seven years since war's end, little better off in that respect.

Not only are we warned of the possibility of still higher food prices. We are threatened with rationing of meat, eggs, butter, milk—and even bread.

It has been a rude shock.

"The Land of Plenty" is how we've smugly thought and spoken of Australia. We were "food producers for the world."

We're not any longer. Compared with New Zealand, for instance, Australia is now a minor exporter of foodstuffs.

It's a waste of time at this belated stage for all except historians to try to shoot home the blame.

Nor is it any use telling young men that national welfare requires them to give up their city jobs and turn pioneer.

Few can afford to buy a property at current prices. Commonwealth employment bureaux have only a fair number of jobs on the land for experienced men and very little, except seasonal labor such as fruit picking, for the inexperienced.

Settlers won't go to the bush for love, but they will for good returns and the independent life of the landowner.

The Government must see that an adequate financial return makes the farmer's labor worth while if butter, eggs, milk, fruit, and flour are to appear abundantly on Australian tables.

OUR COVER

... shows tennis star Frank Sedgman and Jean Spence photographed by staff photographer E. Mann in Melbourne before their marriage. Both of them like modern music, and Frank always brings back new records from his trips abroad. See also story on pages 16-17.

This week:

● When staff reporter Sheila Patrick went to see radio-physicist Dr. E. G. Bowen (see story on page 19), she congratulated him on his award of £12,000 sterling by the British Government for his part in the discovery of radar. She remarked that it was a pleasure to hear of a scientist receiving such a substantial sum since from all accounts scientists were not highly paid.

Dr. Bowen agreed with her and told an anecdote illustrating the general kindly feeling towards scientists on this score. One morning he took a taxi to town, saying to the driver, "Will you hurry, please. I have an experiment at ten." The driver asked what sort of experiment. "I'm a scientist," explained Dr. Bowen, adding that, as a consequence, he didn't often ride in taxis. The driver made sympathetic noises, and said it was a shame that such clever people weren't paid what they deserved. As Dr. Bowen left the cab he asked the fare. "Three-and-nine," said the driver—and then, "Oh, make it three-and-six, mate. That'll be enough!"

● Our homemaker section this week caters for those who like making things. There are instructions for making little silk shoes for a baby (page 44), and for a stole of lightweight wool to wear instead of a bed-jacket (page 45). You'll be interested, too, in suggestions for built-in furniture on page 47.

Next week:

● You will have read descriptions and seen a few black-and-white pictures of the Royal Yacht Gothic, in which Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip will travel to Australia from Africa. However, only color can do justice to the interior decoration of the ship, and in next week's paper we bring you two pages of color pictures of the Royal suite.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

MERRY HALL
By
Beverly Nichols

ADAMIRERS of Mr. Beverley Nichols can prepare for a pleasant surprise. No longer is their hero bumping his head in Tudor cottages. Domestically Mr. Nichols has "gone up in the world," and is now living in a Georgian mansion with five acres of garden.

But Mr. Nichols remains himself, occasionally "fidgeting," or begging his friends to "stop crabbing"; finding cherries "laughing," the suspense of waiting for the bougainvillea to bloom "agonising," and at the sight of a mimosa in full bloom unable to speak other than in whispers.

Old friends will find endearing the author's admission that so struck was he by the impressiveness of the address Merry Hall on his notepaper that he had placed an order for its printing before he had signed the contract to buy.

The same lovable candor caused him to confess that when he writes about flowers he "loses all sense of restraint," and that certain of the following prose might be "a deep old rose pink that sometimes seems flushed with crimson."

Apart from delighting gardeners with a wealth of horticultural information, "Merry Hall" serves the much more important purpose of supplying hitherto unavailable data about the author.

We learn that one of his grandfathers died in a clump of iris stylosa, and that a great-uncle met his death by climbing into a pear tree, "sitting among the wild white spray of the flowers, for hours on end, with none but the bees for company."

Unromantically it was a broken branch, and not the blossom or even the bees that finally caused the demise of this nature-lover.

Mr. Nichols also confides that his signature flower is the Erica carnea, or winter heather, and that "champagne invariably shoots to my head like rockets, exploding in beautiful, singing stars."

To add power to his narrative the author is not afraid to make use of the italic, a device currently unfashionable in literary circles. "It really will," "it does happen," "how amusing," and "what has one let oneself in for?" we read.

This gives the reader the cosy sensation of sharing the conversations of Mr. Nichols and his jolly friends.

Chief of these is Bob, who wears on his watch-chain a gold cigarette-lighter studded with sapphires, two solid gold latchkeys, a gold ring, a gold champagne "twizzer," a gold guinea, several gold charms, and a gold compass.

Bob, we learn, is in his early forties, has grey hair, restless hands, and dark, melancholy eyes.

From a careful reading of this latest addition to the autobiography of Mr. Nichols there emerges a thought that cannot but be the source of considerable anxiety to the author's huge following. Does he fear he no longer pleases?

He suggests that "Merry Hall" is not really a book at all; that readers might be bored, and that he may sound temperamental and tiresome.

A passage reading, "It is at this point that the book really begins. And it begins with a fire. Or perhaps it doesn't. Perhaps it begins with the Urns. Or perhaps it doesn't even begin with the Urns. Perhaps it begins with Miss Emily," is hardly reassuring.

"Merry Hall" is published by The Australian Publishing Co. in association with Jonathan Cape. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Australians give party for Royal pair

● On January 29, two days before leaving for the Royal tour, Princess Elizabeth and her husband dined with Sir Thomas White, Australian High Commissioner in London, and Lady White. The dinner-party was given at Stoke Lodge, the High Commissioner's official residence.



HIGH COMMISSIONER Sir Thomas White in the study at Stoke Lodge. Sir Thomas' knighthood was announced in the New Year honors.

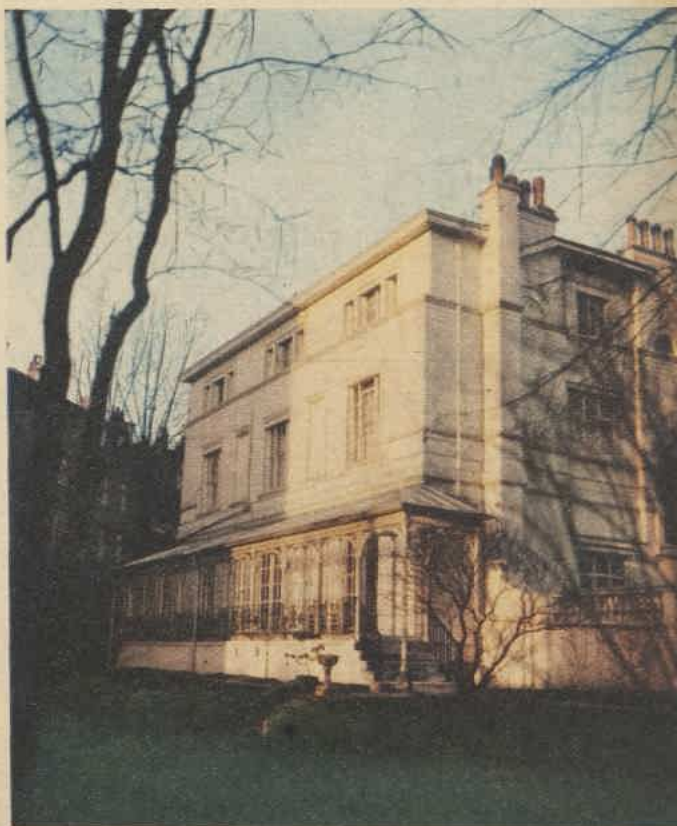


DINING-ROOM at Stoke Lodge where the Royal couple dined. Lady White rarely uses flowers for table decoration, but is proud of the silver centre-piece which was presented to her father, Alfred Denkin, the famous Australian statesman, when he received the Freedom of the City of Manchester.



DRAWING-ROOM (above) at Stoke Lodge opens on to a glassed-in terrace at the back of the house. Lady White and her daughters are keen musicians. One of the four girls is married and lives in Southern Rhodesia. The other White girls, Lillian, Shirley, and Judith, helped entertain the Royal couple and other guests, who included the High Commissioners for New Zealand and Ceylon and their wives.

HOST AND HOSTESS (right) Sir Thomas White and Lady White with their two younger daughters, Shirley (centre) and Judith.



STOKE LODGE, which is in quiet Kensington Square, London, was first acquired by the Australian Government in early 1950. Mrs. Eric Harrison, wife of the former Australian Resident Minister in London, was the first hostess there, and she chose many of the furnishings. Color pictures taken by Alec Murray.

SEDGMAN'S WEDDING

Gifts and good wishes rained on happy pair

A pretty young Melbourne hairdresser who thought she was going to be married quietly found herself having a film-star wedding of national interest.

She is 21-year-old Jean Spence, bride of tennis star Frank Sedgman, idol of the Australian sporting public.

JEAN had planned a quiet family affair for her wedding, which was to have been held at the little church where she went to Sunday school in the Melbourne suburb of Bentleigh.

She hadn't realised then that it would become front-page news, that her face would smile out of every newspaper in Australia.

Ever since Frank Sedgman clinched the Davis Cup for Australia a continuous beam of publicity has been focused on his fiancée as well as on himself.

The list of guests grew to 150, many more than the original number, and it was decided to move the scene of the wedding to the bigger Presbyterian Church at Toorak.

The wedding reception was arranged at the Yarra Yarra Golf Club, where Jean's father is the professional.

During her wedding week Jean said, "Ever since Frank helped to win the Davis Cup I seem to have hit the headlines. People are curious to see what I look like."

"I hear them say to one another—'What's she like? Is she pretty? Is she good enough for him?'—all sorts of things like that."

"When I went into shops the girls asked me if I were the girl who was marrying Frank Sedgman. Then they'd eye

me up and down rather critically," she said, laughing.

"I didn't really mind—it was rather fun."

Frank's fans needn't worry about Jean being good enough for "our Frank."

She is dark and pretty, with soft grey eyes, a good skin, a wide smile showing lovely teeth, and a slim figure, plus lots of charm.

All the publicity hasn't turned Jean's head a bit. She is still the same sweet, unsophisticated youngster Frank Sedgman fell in love with 14 months ago.

Jean is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Spence, of Bentleigh. She has two sisters, Lorraine, 19, and Pam, 12.

Frank is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sedgman, of West Brunswick.

Jean is 21, Frank is 24.

There is no doubt that the beautiful wedding gifts Frank and Jean have received from persons with whom they were not even acquainted will always remind them of the number of people who wished them happiness, not only because Frank is famous as a tennis player but because they are both such nice young people.

Among their wedding gifts is a canteen of cutlery given by patrons of a movie theatre in Frank's home suburb of Brunswick.

Side by side with glamorous nylon presents from American



TROUSSEAU SHOPPING. Jean Spence, shopping before her wedding to Frank Sedgman on January 30, was amused and touched by the personal interest taken in her by salesgirls when they realised who she was.

friends and admirers was the mantel clock from Jean's former workmates at the factory where she was a hairdresser.

Then there was the blue breakfast set from two of Jean's special girl friends, Marjory and Nan Truman, of Caulfield.

"Hoping you will be as happy in marriage as Frank has made the tennis public of Victoria," was the inscription on the coffee service which was the personal gift of genial Mr. H. A. Pitt, vice-president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia and president of the Victorian L.T.A.

Jean and Frank and their families were as unselfconsciously thrilled by the public interest in their romance and wedding as children at a Christmas party.

"We're just so terribly happy," Jean confessed.

"We both really like people too much to be nervous of the crowds at the wedding," she said.

When Jean was growing up she worked out the characteristics of her "ideal man" as many girls do, and one of the most important traits was that her Prince Charming should be popular with others.

So she gets a terrific kick from Frank's popularity.

On his honeymoon Frank will compete in tennis championships in Colombo, the Continent, and England.

In Colombo they will probably see Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, as Frank is playing there in the Asian Championships from February 8 to February 20 during the Royal visit.

Should the Princess and the Duke attend the tennis it is certain that Frank and Jean will be presented to them.

After a Continental tour which will include more tennis, Frank will again be in the spotlight at Wimbledon.

While they are in London Jean will have her first opportunity to try her hand at housekeeping.

She intends to induce Frank to visit some night-clubs, too. He is keen on dancing, but doesn't like the idea of night-clubs.

Jean, a C Grade Pennant player, met Frank at the Brunswick Tennis Club.

"He was giving an exhibition, and a pal of his, Frank Cornell (our best man), introduced us," she said.

It was not a case of love at first sight. "I didn't think too much about Frank for some time," Jean said. "He was away in Brisbane. But when he returned he asked me out, and I did feel a bit excited."

"We went to dinner in town, and to a show. I can still remember the name of the film, 'My Foolish Heart,' with Susan Hayward," she said.

Jean said she and Frank sometimes play tennis together. "He even lets me win a game—just to kid me on, I guess," she said. "But I like watching him best of all."

They swim and play golf together, and are both keen on modern music.

"Frank collects the latest records when he goes abroad and we have jam sessions at home," Jean added. "He even jittersbugs when no one else is around."

Jean said Frank dances "divinely."

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LAST-MINUTE FITTING. January was a hectic month for Norma McDonald, of Highbett, Melbourne (kneeling), who made the dresses. In the picture are also the bride and (left to right) bridesmaids Kathleen Sedgman, Pamela Spence, and Lorraine Spence.

Simple romance unspoiled by world interest



"TAKE CARE of these for me, please." Champion tennis player Frank Sedgman hands his fiancée his watch and wallet before going out to play.

Asked if Frank were temperamental or nervous before big matches, she said he told her he slept well as a rule.

"He certainly eats well and doesn't seem to worry much," she added.

"Frank doesn't 'go on.' He just likes peace and quiet and good food before he plays important matches."

Neither Jean nor Frank is superstitious. They never carry lucky charms during matches.

Jean giggled when she was asked if she could cook.

"Don't say that I can really cook—just say that I can cook a little," she said. "Frank likes steak and eggs best of all. I can make that, it's easy."

Jean says she thinks she may make a success of being married to a world-famous tennis player if she can get used to sitting still.

"I didn't realise how difficult it is to watch tennis all day, until I became interested in Frank," she said.

"I can sit still for half an hour, but then I get pins and needles in my legs, and start to wriggle about. I have to keep standing up to stop getting cramp," she added, laughing.

"My dressmaker, Norma McDonald, of Highett, was wonderful," Jean said, reverting to the wedding. "She made my dress and those of the three bridesmaids in three weeks, with only her mother to help her." (There were 1000 seed pearls sewn on the frock and the Juliet cap that held Jean's veil.)

"Mum and Dad are quite overcome at the publicity we have been getting," Jean said, "but my sisters, Lorraine and Pam, bridesmaids with Frank's young sister Kathleen, have enjoyed it all."



JEAN and her bridesmaids sorting and packing some of the hundreds of lovely gifts which arrived from all over Australia for the young couple. Some were from strangers.



THE BRIDE'S PARENTS, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Spence, with some of the presents sent to Frank and Jean. The cutlery was from the patrons of a picture theatre in Brunswick.



RADIANT BRIDE, Jean Spence and her sister Lorraine, photographed at their home. Jean's wedding dress of white satin spotted tie-silk was embroidered with 1000 seed-pearls. Lorraine wore a frock of dove-grey tie-silk pin spotted in pale pink.

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WORLD-FAMOUS British radio-physicist Dr. E. G. Bowen (above) sets the camera on the radar machine during a wind structure test. At right, on the roof of the C.S.I.R.O. building, Dr. Bowen watches the aircraft used in the test.



Famous scientist lives for radar work

By SHEILA PATRICK,
staff reporter

"See the track of the aircraft," said the scientist, pointing to the flickering circle on the small dark screen of the throbbing radar machine.

I peered at the pale green tracings shining in the darkness of the hot little room on the roof of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation building at Sydney University.

THE scientist was Dr. Edward George Bowen, O.B.E., M.Sc., Ph.D., who was awarded £12,000 sterling (£A15,000) by the British Government for his part in the invention of radar.

With Sir Robert Watson-Watt and Mr. A. F. Wilkins, Dr. Bowen is considered the world authority on radar.

I called to see him at his big, impressive office at the C.S.I.R.O. the day after the announcement of the award.

He was busy opening cables and telegrams of congratulations from all over the world.

Dark, with crinkly hair and brown eyes, Dr. Bowen, at 41,

is charming and boyishly enthusiastic.

"I want to know all about you and your radar," I told him.

"Right," he said, "come on. The boys are doing a test. We may be able to watch them."

In a stifling little room filled with the hot, sweet, chemical smell of radio equipment, and jammed to the roof with mysterious-looking gadgets, three men crouched over a radar screen.

Dr. Bowen told me they were watching the result of a wind structure test.

He explained: "The aircraft go up in a set pattern, dropping tin foil.

"The tracks of the aircraft and the tin foil are shown on

the radar screen," he continued, pointing to the thin, wobbly line.

"By photographing it at regular intervals we can work out the wind's structure."

We retired below to Dr. Bowen's office, and, sipping tea, he told me his life story.

Father a miner

"I WAS born in Swansea, Wales. My father was a tin worker," he said.

"After attending the local school I won a scholarship to Swansea University, where I took my Master of Science degree."

"With honors?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "with honors. I was 20."

"At London University I got my Ph.D. in physics."

Dr. Bowen said he then worked with Sir Edward Appleton on research into cosmic rays.

"In 1935 quite a lot of people were worried about a possible German air attack. One of the most important people was Sir Henry Tizard, Chairman of Defence and of the Scientific Advisory Committee."

"They call him 'Tizard the Wizard.'"

"The experts decided that in the event of a bombing attack, if the guns and fighters were to be any good you had to know when the enemy aircraft were coming and whence they came."

"Sir Henry was a friend of Sir Robert Watson-Watt, who suggested that radio waves should be used to detect them."

"The result was that Wilkins and I were rushed off into the wilds of the east coast of England in great secrecy and told to get crackin'."

"The great day arrived and we were ready for a test. The aircraft went up. We turned on the works. But nothing happened."

"We worked furiously all that night."

"The next day the aircraft went up again, and there it was, that precious little blimp on the screen. Radar was born," he added.

Dr. Bowen explained modestly that he had made the transmitter, and Wilkins the receiver.

In 1942 Dr. Bowen went on loan to the United States to advise American scientists on radar.

"When the war tapered off in Europe, I was lent to the Australian Government to assist in the radar problems of the Pacific war."

"And of course, once I came to live in Australia, it was not very hard to decide to settle here," he added.

Dr. Bowen said he was wrapped up in his work.

"My whole life is radar. I eat, sleep, work, and play radar," he said.

"I used to be a fair sort of a runner, and played football and cricket, but now it's nothing but radar."

"But I tell you what you must put in the story. I always—yes, always—do the washing up at home," he said proudly.

Attractive, blue-eyed Mrs. Vesta Bowen confirmed her husband's claim.

"Yes, he washes up every night," she said, laughing. "I'd rather he wiped, but he doesn't like wiping, so I let him wash, and I dry. I appreciate it, too."

Mrs. Bowen hopes to use some of the award money to buy a house and help educate their three sons.



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AT HOME in Bellevue Hill, Sydney, Dr. Bowen's wife, Mrs. Vesta Bowen, who is also a science graduate, reads to their three children (from left), David (6), Edward (6), and John (5). The boys have been urging their father to spend part of his £15,000 award on a caravan for a camping holiday.



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OLYMPIC HOPES

By **FORBES CARLILE**, honorary swimming coach to the 1948 Australian Olympic swimming team

The selectors of the Australian swimming team for the 1952 Olympic Games, beginning at Helsinki on July 19, will have a more difficult job choosing the women than the men.

THE team will be chosen after the Australian Championships in Melbourne, which end on February 23.

In John Marshall and a few other male swimmers, Australia has a group of world-class performers, but the quality and quantity of girl talent will cause headaches in selection.

The estimated cost of £800 a team member will probably limit the numbers chosen.

Three of the four girls who went to the 1948 London Olympics are in solid training. Denise Spencer, who has retired, is married and has a baby daughter. The others, Judy Joy Davies (Victoria), Nancy Lyons (Queensland), and Marjory McQuade (Victoria), may well form the nucleus of the Helsinki team.

These three girls followed good Olympic performances in London in 1948 with outstanding success at the 1950 Empire Games in Auckland.

Judy Joy Davies, third in London, won the Empire backstroke title in New Zealand in 1950. Marjory McQuade took the Empire 110yds. freestyle championship. She won both the 110-yards and 440-yards Victorian championships last month.

Nancy Lyons, after a "touch" loss in the thrilling Olympic event, had to be content with another second in the Empire breaststroke championship. However, at the N.S.W. championships last month Nancy clipped 6.9 seconds off the Australian women's 220-yards breaststroke record. Her time was 2 minutes 59.4 seconds. Nancy now looks a certainty to go to Helsinki.

Judy Joy Davies, 25-year-old "veteran" of the three, was the 1951 Australian champion at both the 100 metres backstroke and the 440-yards freestyle.

However, she won the backstroke title by less than a second from Margaret Pascall, of Western Australia, and the 440yds. freestyle by exactly one second from brilliant young Denise Norton, of South Australia.

Miss Davies, last month, won the N.S.W. 440-yards title unspectacularly. Margaret Pascall, who is 17, is improving with every swim. Denise Norton, aged 18, is in my opinion Australia's fastest long-distance woman swimmer ever.

This South Australian "stayer" looks a likely finalist for the 400 metres in Finland.

As well as Judy, I am training Nancy Lyons, of Coorparoo, Queensland, and 17-year-old Western Australian Barbara Hicks at the North Sydney Olympic Pool.

Elected 1950 "Queen of Applecross"—the suburb in which she lives in Perth—Barbara is Marjory McQuade's chief rival for the 100 metres event.



COACH FORBES CARLILE gives some hints to Judy Joy Davies (left) and Nancy Lyons at the North Sydney Olympic Pool. These girls were two of the 1948 Olympic team.

Although just 21, breaststroke swimmer Nancy Lyons has made a spectacular comeback.

She put away her racing costume after the Empire Games to concentrate on her Arts course at Queensland University, but now she will take a lot of beating.

Her chief rival for choice in the Olympic team may be Joan Uren, of Victoria, who won the 200 metres breaststroke title last year, when Nancy did not compete.

Queensland swimming officials forecast a winner in 15-year-old Joan Fehr, second to Joan Uren last year.

Our Australian divers, like the swimmers, suffer the disadvantage of few suitable indoor heated pools for winter training. Year-round practice is necessary to reach Olympic standard.

Three girls are distinct possibilities for selection. They are Gwen Fawcett, of Victoria, neat and fearless off the 30ft. highboard, all-rounder Noeline McLean, of N.S.W., and springboard champion Barbara McAulay, also of Victoria. With some little improvement, either Gwen, Noeline, or Barbara will be wearing an Olympic blazer.

Some of Australia's Olympic hopes are able to make a full-time job of their swimming or diving, but others must work and carry out solid training as well. Noeline McLean and Gwen Fawcett are two who work and find time to train. Marjory McQuade and Joan Fehr are still at school. Barbara Hicks for a while worked part time as a stenographer, but since October she has been able to devote all her time to her swimming.

The favorite occupation of the three girls I am training seems to be buying multi-colored glamor swimsuits. To me they seem to have a costume for every day of the week, with some spares left over.



COMPACTLY BUILT 22-year-old springboard diver Barbara McAulay, of Melbourne, who has a good chance of selection for the Australian team to fly to Helsinki in June for the 1952 Olympics, which begin on July 19.



NINETEEN - YEAR - OLD breaststroke swimmer Joan Uren (above), of Victoria, who has been swimming competitively since she was 11.

BELOW: Barbara Hicks (left) and Nancy Lyons watch Judy Joy Davies at backstroke practice. Judy Joy is also a freestyle champion.



BROWNETTE Marjory McQuade, who went to the 1948 Olympics when she was 13. She holds the Empire 100 metres title.



FOUR YOUNG VICTORIAN HOPES for the Olympics at Helsinki. From left: Marjory McQuade, Joan Uren, Gwen Fawcett, and Barbara McAulay. Gwen and Barbara are divers. Since the last Olympics, divers have been allowed to wear brightly colored costumes instead of the regulation black. Australian swimmers and divers suffer through lack of indoor pools.



DENISE NORTON (above), of South Australia. Denise is the fastest long-distance woman swimmer Australia has produced. Denise is 18. She swims four miles daily in the Torrens Lake, two miles at a time.

RIGHT: Judy Joy Davies (left), Nancy Lyons (centre), and Barbara Hicks, who train together in Sydney. The girls follow no special diet, but supplement food with a few vitamin and iron pills.



MARGARET PASCALL, of Western Australia. Margaret prefers backstroke because she hates getting her head under water. Margaret, who is 17, and has just left school, was Australian Junior Backstroke Champion in 1949. She competed in the Empire Games in 1950, and has trained since she was 11.





PARENTS OF THE BRIDE, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Crowley, of Orest, Merryvinebone, with their son-in-law and elder daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Amos, of Gurley, watch their younger daughter, Anne, and her husband, Keith Munro, leave for their reception at Prince's



COUNTRY COUPLE WED. Keith Munro, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Munro, of Tareelara, Moree, and his bride, formerly Anne Crowley, with their attendants, Alec Munro, of Texas, Queensland; Mrs. John Paton, of Rose Bay; Henry Moses, of Moree; and Mrs. Jim Campbell, of Quirindi, on the steps of St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, after their wedding.



ENGLISHMAN Mr. George Sandwith and his bride, formerly Mrs. Helen Suttor, after their London wedding. Widow of the late Mr. R. B. Suttor, Bathurst, the bride is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. M. Campbell Langtree.

Social Gittings

HOPES are high among Crookwell folk for lashings of rain to make up for the long dry spell. But much as they want rain they are hoping it will be fine on February 13, their picnic race day.

The usual round of festivity is planned during and after the day's racing at Binda, 15 miles from Crookwell, with visitors coming from Sydney, Yass, Goulburn, and Cootamundra to join in.

President of the race club, Mr. Jim Carr, and his wife will welcome friends to their annual race party at their home, "Cherryford," which is right next to the course. The Carrs' house guests this year will be Mr. and Mrs. W. Parry-Okeden and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ross.

A DINNER-PARTY given by Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere at their Darling Point flat enabled Peter Lubbock to see old friends Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Dinger Bode, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hordern, and Mrs. Ernest Watt during his brief visit to Sydney. Peter will be remembered by many Sydney people for his days here at Government House with his sister, Lady Wakehurst, and her husband, former Governor, Lord Wakehurst.

AFTER several days spent in the north of Fiji, newlyweds Valerie and Desmond Last, who were married on January 23 at the Sacred Heart Cathedral, Suva, will go to New Zealand for their honeymoon before returning to Sydney. Valerie and Desmond have worked in Suva for the past four years. Valerie is the elder daughter of Mrs. J. A. Fell, of Double Bay.

PREPARING to return to Sydney to settle into their home at Chatswood are Helen and Peter Bennett, who have been spending their honeymoon at Jervis Bay. Helen, who is a descendant of the well-known Henty pioneering family, is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. Henty Smaillage, of Killara.



WED IN MELBOURNE. Franc Falkiner with his bride, formerly Pamela Wragge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Wragge, of "Narlgo," Deniliquin, leaving St. John's, Toorak. The groom is the son of Mr. C. L. Falkiner, of Boonoke North, Widgee, and the late Mrs. Falkiner.

MOTHERS and daughters were well in evidence among the smartly dressed women at the Anniversary Day meeting at Randwick. The cool breeze appealed to Mrs. Hilton Chenhall and Rosemary as they watched the races. At various points in the crowd were members of the Playfair family. First I saw Mrs. Strath Playfair and then her daughters Mrs. Jimmy Williams and Mrs. Keith Gollan. Another smart couple were Mrs. W. Rowland Smith and daughter Janet.

ONE passenger in the Orca bound for London who will be relaxing in earnest is Stella Wilson, whose last days here were an endless whirl of packing, telephone calls, farewell parties, and leavetaking of family and friends. Stella, who is looking forward to renewing many friendships in London, will be official hostess at Australia House, ready at all times to welcome and lend a helping hand to Australian visitors over there.

Anne



WELCOME-HOME PARTY. Shirley Waite (right), just back from a year abroad, was welcomed by friends at her parents' Vaucluse home. With her are her sister Christine and Rosemary Lance.



ENGAGED. Joan Anne King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. King, of Vaucluse, celebrates at Romano's with her fiancé, Dr. Dick Holliday, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Holliday, of Kensington.



SAILING ENTHUSIASTS Sally Snalfield, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. E. Snalfield, of Mosman, and her fiancé, Gordon Ingate, son of Colonel and Mrs. C. G. Ingate, of Willoughby, dine at Prince's.



BRIDE AND GROOM, Rosslyn and Bryen Saunders (left), with their attendants, Frances May and Ken Shelley-Jones, admire a gift at the party at Carl Thomas' after their wedding. Rosslyn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Fairbairn, of Point Piper.

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Wardrobes for Royal tour

• Short evening dress (right) is in two shades of turquoise organza over a pleated, bell-shaped tulle skirt. The topless bodice is slotted with a deeper shade of turquoise.

• Black velvet cocktail dress (below) with a wide-cut neckline has heavily embroidered hip pockets on the flared skirt.

★ Here are eight of the dresses which Princess Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting will wear during the Royal tour. Designed by Worth-Paquin, of London, they were sketched by our fashion artist Rene and radio-graphed to Australia.



• Pale blue tulle over satin is used for the gown above. The skirt is appliqued with blue satin flowers, each petal of which is outlined with silver beading.

• Ball gown (above) is in yellow tulle over grey tulle mounted on yellow faille. The top layer of yellow tulle is all-over embroidered in gold chenille in a wattle pattern with stalks of silver beads.

• Turquoise chiffon-over-taffeta gown (right) has a draped skirt. Attached on side is a stole that can be draped round the shoulders. The shoulder-straps are embroidered in gold.

• Grey tulle evening dress (above) has a handkerchief-pointed skirt and draped, strapless top in turquoise velvet. The swathed midriff has trailing sash ends at the back.



• White taffeta dress (above) is encrusted on bodice and skirt with silver beads and pearls. The boat-shaped neckline is outlined with a frill.

• Short, strapless evening dress (right) is of Alencon lace mounted on hydrangea-blue tulle. Attached is a stole in matching tulle.



MARGOT BRIDGEN, who decorated the Royal suite in the Gothic, photographed in her mens showroom in North Row, London, familiar to many Australians.

Gothic decorator praises Australians Admires their taste in home furnishing

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London office

Margot Bridgen, who decorated Princess Elizabeth's and the Duke of Edinburgh's suites on the Royal Yacht, Gothic, has many Australian clients.

They come to her delightful North Row mens showrooms in London and work out with her new furnishing ideas for their homes, some of which she hopes to see if she visits Australia.

MISS Bridgen told me that she is sure she would find fresh inspiration in such a visit.

"Australians have good taste, and are so full of ideas and so clever in adapting the best in English design to suit their own climate and conditions," she said.

Hard work and a complete understanding of her clients' wishes have been the guiding principles of Margot Bridgen's career.

Those whose homes she has decorated will tell you that she has the most perfect taste and sense of color. With this color sense she guides her clients and develops their own ideas.

Her first work for the Royal Family was the furnishing of their apartments in H.M.S. Vanguard, in which they went to South Africa in 1947. They liked her quiet good taste and workmanlike ways.

Miss Bridgen later furnished Clarence House to Princess Elizabeth's taste—with the exception of the Duke of Edinburgh's rooms—and assisted with the refurnishing and renovating of Buckingham Palace.

The suite on the Gothic

posed some problems even for such a clever and experienced decorator as Miss Bridgen.

She had to visualise the ship moving from grey waters to blue and even tropical seas. The same furnishings would have to impart just the right touch of warmth in cold climates, yet suggest coolness in hot places.

She chose the translucent greens of the seas to predominate in the furnishings throughout the suite, yet the day room captures the atmosphere of a charming country house in England with modern chintzes in clever greys and greens.

The Queen made final selections of colors and designs when Miss Bridgen started work on the Gothic at Birkenhead.

No changes were made when it was announced that Elizabeth and Philip would make the tour instead of the King and Queen.

The Royal quarters will provide something of a home from home for the young couple on their Commonwealth visit.

The Royal yacht has already been called the "Sunshine Ship."

"Choosing colors and working out schemes for a home or

a ship is only a very small part of the work of interior decorating," Miss Bridgen said.

"Nothing can be decided on till one is actually on the job. I must always be prepared to scrap entirely an idea if it doesn't fit into the background."

Margot Bridgen said there was a fine career for women in the decorating field but the plums were only for those prepared to work hard.

"There is no royal route to success," she added — "hard work is the only way."

Beginners should try to get into a good decorating house and do every job that offers, is Miss Bridgen's advice.

"Usually you start going around the shops as a 'matcher' to develop a sense of color," she told me.

"You've got to help tear down walls, or put them up, to learn construction. You have to study in museums till you know every period piece by heart."

"If you've any time over after that you spend it in art galleries looking at good paintings."

"Just having a flair for furnishing is not nearly enough."

"In fact this can be more of a hindrance than a help if a girl depends entirely on this artistic sense when embarking on a career as an interior decorator."

"Think of the great masters and how they studied, often working for years in the studio of another painter."

"That is how seriously an interior decorator must start too, and that is how seriously the work must be taken."

Margot Bridgen is a pretty woman with prematurely greying hair curling in a fringe on her wide, intelligent forehead.

She has a straight, aristocratic little nose and a delightfully humorous mouth.

Her eyes twinkle with light and laughter.

You feel she has a lot of fun working up colors and pushing around furnishing pieces, and

that she never allows her earnest approach to the job to rob it of being an exciting experience.

Miss Bridgen makes gestures to emphasise points and you notice that her fingers are long and sensitive. But her hands are good, workmanlike ones. She held them out palms upwards for me to see, saying:

"How could my hands be other than work-worn?" But she is proud of their firmness.

"I began by being 'stage-struck,' or that was what my aunt who brought me up called it," Miss Bridgen told me with a laugh.

Even then she had a capacity for hard work, and at 17 she played Helena in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with the famous actor Granville Barker.

Fascinated by color she often sat as a model for well-known portrait painters, her finely chiselled features and well-shaped head making her a good subject.

In this way she earned extra money so that she could study and begin her career as a decorator.

Though her feeling for color and design is "distinctly English," Miss Bridgen lived abroad for some years. The overseas influence of this is seen in her work, which has much of the fineness of French furnishing.

Her favorite color schemes are greens, blues, and greys as background colors, with splashes of vivid color.

Miss Bridgen likes doing nurseries too—she did those at Clarence House. She makes them charming rooms in which youngsters can live until they are 10 or 11 without outgrowing all the furniture.

She does not do any floral work. She leaves that to a florist with whom she is associated.

"I've tried dozens of times to furnish a room so that flowers are not needed," she told me, "but I've not succeeded. Flowers are necessary to bring life to any room."

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THE SEPARATE THEME



● LATE-DAY MULTIPLES — a ballerina skirt with a wide hemline plus two separate tops. The blouse, above, has "blown-up" sleeves and is shaped and folded at neckline. At left the skirt is worn with a turquoise-blue bolero over a white halter-top and matching jewellery.

● A FLOOR-LENGTH SKIRT and three separate tops add up to an irresistible trio for the ballroom. The strapless white "bra," right, has a self applique of flowers. Centre below, an off-shoulder bodice matches the skirt. Below, a jacket in heavy slipper satin has contrasting embroidery and beading.



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ARIES (March 21-April 20): While February 7 offers grounds for satisfaction over personal affairs and standing with your social group, on February 9 you could easily become involved in unfortunate squabbles.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Butt against a stone wall on February 7 and get a headache. Find a way to go round obstacles, but don't rush things before February 12, when there are brighter prospects.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): February 10 is not a good day for travel—plans may go haywire or people may be un congenial. February 12 is excellent for business affairs. Strike out for yourself.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): February 8 may lead you off on a tangent and waste your time. February 11 is likely to promise more than it can perform, but February 12 brings good news.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Look out for family spats on February 9—you may say too much and regret it later. February 11 is full of ups and downs, but February 12 should iron out difficulties.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Social life and practical advantages seem intertwined. If you are prepared to work all-out on February 10, February 11 packs a basket of good luck for you.

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As I read the Stars

By **EVE HILLIARD**

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): You might stub your toe on an immovable object on February 7. It will be up to Libra tact and patience to find a way round it on February 11.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Your basis of security or the end of an important business matter may be pushed through to success on February 7. On February 9, stop, look, and listen.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Short trips may give you some brand new ideas. Get out and be among those present—you'll learn plenty. February 10 for a thrill.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Finances should flourish, even if personal affairs are a bit topsyturvy. If February 7 brings a problem, February 12 will solve it.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): News on February 7 may bring you up to scratch. Decision is called for. No matter what you do, some risks or drawbacks are inevitable. February 12 brings wisdom.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): It's going to be up to you on February 8 as to whether you spill the beans and spoil plans in a fit of pique. February 11 brings a pleasant surprise.

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BY MARGARET LAMOND

Peggy McDonald is the glamorous featured singer at Melbourne's fashionable Claridge's. Under the spotlight every night at this rendezvous of Australia's best groomed society people Peggy must always look her best. Everyone remarks on her lovely hair.



"I keep my hair silky-soft and shining by regular Colinated shampooing. I shampoo my hair at least once a week, and always use Colinated Foam. That's very important! You retain the natural oils so necessary for healthy hair with Colinated. Soap is out of the question if you want to keep the natural colour and highlights in your hair," says Peggy.



Popular Sydney model, Pam Clemson, is noted for her natural loveliness. "Keeping my hair silky-soft and shining is simple now that I always use Colinated Foam for my weekly shampoo," says Pam. Most of Australia's best known beauties use Colinated Foam Shampoo. Colinated Foam Shampoo contains a new hair conditioner which keeps your hair healthy and shining, and is a dandruff solvent as well. There are nine shampoos in a bottle, and you can buy Colinated Foam Shampoo from all chemists and shops who sell shampoo throughout the Commonwealth.

Margaret Lamond

ANNABELLE



"I had it specially made to wear to the races."

BUTCH



"But I already seen Mr. Travis. He said I should see Mr. Finch, an' Mr. Finch told me to see you. I think you guys are givin' me the runaround."

It seems to me

LISTENERS are becoming accustomed to the "Majestic Fanfare" as an introduction to the A.B.C. news, although there is still a steady flow of critical correspondence to the newspapers.

This change aroused a good deal more interest than did the last one—in February, 1942—when "Advance Australia Fair" replaced "British Grenadiers" for the Australian news. In that month, and, indeed, for many months before and after, the news was so consistently bad that any introductory theme sounded like the Last Trump.

"British Grenadiers," which might be classified as a cheerful tune, had come to carry alarming undertones. When the switch was made to "Advance Australia Fair" most people were too depressed about the fall of Singapore to care about musical controversy. The notes evoked only a feeling of deep apprehension, usually justified by the news.

Thinking of wartime broadcasts reminds me of the celebrated "Punch" joke, published early in the war—the one in which the old lady said: "Turn on the wireless, Mary. I always think the half-past six news is the most optimistic."

She was only a mild exaggeration of reality, for many people developed similar quirks.

A friend of mine was devoted to B.B.C. announcer Pat Butler. "He nearly always has some good news," she would say, "and, besides, I love the way he says 'routed' and 'smashed' when he's reporting an Allied victory."

AS one who remembers when clothes were divided into children's, maids', and women's, I note with interest a new classification used in store advertisements—"sub-teen."

With "teenage" worming its way into the dictionary, "sub-teen" was only to be expected. I now look forward to the coining of "super-teen." A "super-teen" department would be especially good for those whom teenage frocks fit, but who sometimes feel a little embarrassed when rummaging among the racks surrounded by 18-year-olds.

ACCORDING to Miss J. Schain, president of the Pan-Pacific Women's Conference which met in New Zealand, the dove is an unsuitable symbol for peace.

During a speech Miss Schain said that peace would not come like a dove, "but only after long and arduous efforts which would prove a greater burden than any dove could carry."

Doves are said to be rather resentful about this slur on a notable ancestor. As one of them said, "Locating the ark in those raging waters was no joke, I assure you. And just you try carrying an olive branch in your mouth for days."

But Miss Schain may be right. The modern way of preparing for peace is to arm to the teeth, so that a tiger could be more suitable.



Dorothy Drain

IT'S reported from London that the Assistant Bishop of Reading, Dr. Parham, spent a convalescence analysing his appointment book for the past ten years.

He emerged with the information that he had spent 2100 hours at meetings, and added: "Anyone who can devise a system of getting things done without meetings should become a national hero."

The bishop spoke hastily. A little reflection would have reminded him that several people have devised a way of getting things done.

Try analysing the past ten years of your own life. Housewives will depress themselves unutterably by adding the time spent on cooking and washing-up. Business men and women will not care to think of the hours consumed, ant-like, on the tram track.

And ponder on the utility of 260 hours spent painting one's nails. That's the total, at the rate of half an hour per week.

HUSBAND and wife should be as courteous to each other in their own home as they were to other people away from home, said an English educational authority recently.

Don't be silly. One of the good reasons for having a home is to escape the strain of being polite to strangers.

ORSON WELLES, the American film actor and producer, says he can't find a girl in Paris suitable to play Salome. "Five years ago," he said, "I thought French women the most seductive in the world. But now they look too old and hard."

Even in Paris, Orson, leaves must fall. Let not the fact dismay, nor thought appal.

Even in Paris, 'tis not always spring. Come off it, Orson, face the truth, old thing.

With middle-age have come maturer eyes (And there are millions who will sympathise).

Time takes its toll and dims the bright young men

Who must grow up, sad though it is. What then?

Why, cheer up, Orson, give the girls their due,

Perhaps long since they thought you handsome, too.

You don't have to hide beautiful hands



Fingertips must be fashion-right to add the final touch of loveliness...

CUTEX

completes the fashion picture—brings new loveliness to your fingertips.

You too can have beautiful nails—fingertip jewels that glow with glorious lustre right through the day, every day.

Choose a Cutex colour to accent your style. It may be the palest bloom... or a brilliant color that is gay and sparkling. But whatever your color might be, Cutex will add a subtle new charm that will give you new confidence... a feeling that you are "fashion-right."

CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE contains 'Enamelon,' the new miracle ingredient that lasts and lasts... resists chipping and peeling longer than any polish you have ever used before.



The manicure that stays lovelier... longer

The Natural Loveliness of a healthy skin

A healthy skin is the foundation of complexion beauty and SOLYPTOL soap, the world's best medicated toilet soap, KEEPS the skin healthy

To keep your hair lovely and lustrous



Solyptol Soap

"IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE!"



If most make-ups
are **too heavy**
for your skin...



Choose this beautifully sheer
greaseless powder base

This delicate, greaseless foundation cream gives your skin a *naturally* lovely look—smooth as cream-velvet! Before powder, smooth on a light, protective veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The satiny Cream disappears, leaving only a silky, transparent film. Over this flatteringly sheer foundation, your make-up always looks enchantingly mat-smooth.

1-Minute Mask... quick at-home 'facial'



Cover your face lavishly, except eyes, with a snowy-cool 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn dirt and dead skin flakes. *Dissolves them off!* Leave Mask on for 1 minute—then tissue off. Make-up goes on flawlessly over your newly smoothed and re-styled complexion!



MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE says: "With Pond's Vanishing Cream as a foundation, I never feel I'm wearing make-up... yet it holds powder so beautifully that I seldom need to retouch during the day. This cool, greaseless base of Pond's is perfect for my complexion."



PV 13



Watch... your... cat...

WATCH YOUR CAT at play—
one minute a rollicking lion
cub, the next as gentle as a doe.
And in all his moods a joy to
see provided he is fit and
happy. Will you do one little
thing to keep him the frisky,
friendly companion he wants
to be? Give him one 'Tibs' a
day in his morning saucer of
milk. One 'Tibs' a day gives
him the conditioning he needs
to be the handsomest, happiest
pet you ever saw!

TIBS

"TIBS CAT POWDERS." A Bob Martin Product.
Australian Agents: SALMON & SPRAGGON
(Aust.) Pty., Ltd., 1 York Street North, Sydney.
KEEP CATS KITTENISH



1 COMMANDING the Afrika Korps, Field-Marshal Rommel (James Mason), centre, is cornered at El Alamein. A practical soldier, he prepares to withdraw his troops despite Hitler's orders to fight to the death.



2 ILLNESS of Rommel delays withdrawal and corps is defeated. He tells his wife, Lucie (Jessica Tandy), and his old friend Dr. Strolin (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), right, of his loss of faith in Hitler's direction of war.

THE DESERT FOX



3 VISITING Rommel during his convalescence, Dr. Strolin tells him that many powerful men share his opinion and that there is a plan to overthrow Hitler.

DRAMATISING events in the life of German Field-Marshal Rommel, "The Desert Fox" (Twentieth Century-Fox) aroused a storm of controversy among families of British ex-servicemen when it was released in London.

Producers point out that "The Desert Fox" is intended as an impartial tribute to a good soldier, not as a glorification of German military methods.

As commanding general of the Afrika Korps during World War II, Rommel earned respect as a fighting man. Just before El Alamein, Allied leaders warned troops not to underestimate him as a strategist.



4 LOYALTY to Hitler is so much a habit that Rommel hesitates to join conspirators. His wife urges him to forget false patriotism.



5 INSPECTION of inadequate coastal defences convinces Rommel conclusively that he must support the plot against Hitler. General Von Rundstedt (Leo G. Carroll), centre, wishes conspirators luck but, on moral grounds, refuses to join them.



6 INJURED in a car accident, Rommel is in hospital on the day planned for Hitler's assassination and, due to a mix-up, it is unsuccessful. Hitler begins search for the organisers of plot.



7 OFFICIAL delegation calls on Rommel to tell him that his part in the plot has been revealed. Hitler sends word that he has a right to a trial but, since the verdict is inevitable, Rommel's course is clear.



8 EXPLAINING to his wife that if he insists on a trial and reveals the reasons for the conspiracy their son would suffer, Rommel tells her that he must take the alternative of suicide. Heartbroken, they say good-bye.

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By DONALD McLEAN. Illustrated by JILL BLUNT.
Mothers and Teachers are invited to write for details of this new series of Educational Books.
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS.
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Cyrano de Bergerac

THE remarkable performance of dynamic Jose Ferrer in the title role of this screen version of Edmond Rostand's 17th century tragi-comedy "Cyrano de Bergerac" will delight theatre lovers.

Ferrer won the Academy Award for the best actor for 1950 with his portrayal of the part.

The magic of his acting, coupled with a magnificent speaking voice and a commanding presence, overrides the improbable romanticism of a screen play that goes on for more than two hours.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" is a story of unrequited love; poet-philosopher, wit, and stormy soldier-of-fortune, Cyrano is a man of deep passion and great emotion.

Secretly loving his attractive young cousin Roxane, Cyrano, who is sensitive about his absurdly large nose, learns in a moment of tragic irony that the girl loves handsome but inarticulate guardsman Christian.

Placing his own yearnings to Roxane in the shrouding

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

darkness beneath her balcony, Cyrano wins Roxane for his rival, Christian.

For years after Christian is slain in battle, half-jelled notions of honor persuade Cyrano to encourage in Roxane the belief that her young husband voiced the poetic words that decorated their courtship.

Apart from the famous garden scene, Ferrer's most notable work is heard during Cyrano's "No, thank you" speech, and in the early "rhyming duel" sequence.

The film cast includes Mala Powers as Roxane, William Prince as Christian, and Ralph Clanton in the role of De Guiche, but Ferrer's artistry makes things tough for these performers of comparatively small stature.

In Sydney—Palace.

CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL.—"Jungle Manhunt," adventure, starring Johnny Weissmuller, Sheila Ryan. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "Valley Of Fire," Western, starring Gene Autry.

CENTURY.—★★ "David and Bethsheba," biblical drama in technicolor, starring Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—"Surrender," period gambling melodrama, starring John Carroll, Vera Ralston. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "The Twisting Road."

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Dancing Years," English musical set in Vienna, starring Dennis Price, Giselle Preville. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★★★ "King's Row," dramatic film version of best-selling novel, starring Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza in technicolor, starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Al Jennings of Oklahoma," Western, starring Dan Duryea, Gale Storm. Plus "Family Secret," crime drama, starring Lee J. Cobb, John Derek, Jody Lawrence.

LYRIC.—"Peking Express," mystery adventure, starring Joseph Cotten, Corinne Calvet. Plus "Where There's Life," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Signe Hasso. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—"His Kind Of Woman," romantic melodrama, starring Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell, Vincent Price. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★★ "Cyrano de Bergerac," 17th century comedy-drama, starring Jose Ferrer, Mala Powers. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PARK.—★ "Rawhide," dramatic Western, starring Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward. Plus "Roadblock."

PLAZA.—★★ "The Frogmen," drama of U.S. Navy demolition service, starring Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill. Plus "Daughter of the Jungle."

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★★ "Here Comes the Groom," romantic farce, starring Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, Franchot Tone. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," technicolor musical, starring June Haver, Gordon MacRae, James Barton. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★★ "Fantasia," Walt Disney's musical fantasy in technicolor. (Re-release.)

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Texas Carnival," romantic musical comedy in technicolor, starring Red Skelton, Esther Williams, Howard Keel. Plus "Red Badge of Courage," Civil War drama, starring Audie Murphy.

STATE.—★ "Francis Goes to the Races," comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Piper Laurie, Francis, the mule. Plus "The Lady Pays Off," modern romance, starring Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally.

VARIETY.—★★★★ "Unwanted Women," Continental drama of women's D.P. camps, starring Simone Simon, Valentina Cortese, Francoise Rosay. Plus "Over the Moon," starring Rex Harrison, Merle Oberon.

VICTORY.—"When the Redskins Rode," technicolor Western, starring Jon Hall, Mary Castle. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "Saturday's Hero," sporting adventure, starring John Derek, Donna Reed.

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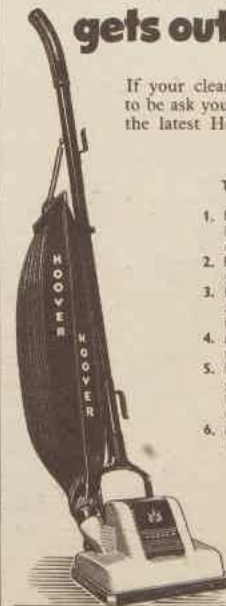


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Gregory Peck as FAMOUS SEA HERO



GREGORY PECK as novelist C. S. Forester's heroic Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N., fights on the quarter-deck of his ship during one of the stirring hand-to-hand battles waged by the British Navy against the powerful forces of Napoleon in "Captain Horatio Hornblower."

★ In the year 1807, with England at war with France and Spain under Napoleon, H.M.S. Lydia, a sturdy British frigate, is on a secret mission in Pacific waters.

Commanded by brilliant seaman Captain Horatio Hornblower, Lydia's destination turns out to be a spot on the Nicaraguan Pacific coast; there Hornblower delivers his cargo of arms to a Spanish rebel named El Supremo, who is to foment a revolution within Spanish armies, thus aiding the British cause.

Successful completion of this mission is the first of several British naval victories enacted in Warners' technicolor production, which is based on three of C. S. Forester's seafaring tales.

FILM CAST

Capt. Horatio Hornblower,
Gregory Peck
Lady Barbara Wellesley,
Virginia Mayo
Lieut. William Bush,
Robert Beatty
El Supremo,
Alex Mango
Sir Rodney Leighton,
Denis O'Dea



REBEL Spaniard Don Julian, the self-styled El Supremo (Alex Mango), above, as temporary ally of England, proves that he is little more than an unbalanced half-breed with delusions of grandeur.

LADY BARBARA WELLESLEY (Virginia Mayo), right, sister of the Duke of Wellington, earns the Captain's early disapproval by boarding Lydia and demanding passage to England.

Highlights from "Captain Horatio Hornblower"



1—BEATING around Cape Horn, thousands of miles from her home port, H.M.S. Lydia, under the command of taciturn Captain Horatio Hornblower, heads for her secret rendezvous on the coast of South America.



2—PACING THE DECK of Lydia, which has a cargo of muskets and ammunition in the hold, Captain Hornblower worries as rationed crew threatens mutiny. Two days later they make landfall and crew rallies.



3—PRIZE SPANISH WARSHIP Natividad, which Lydia captures in during escape, is reluctantly handed over to unpredictable Don Julian by Hornblower, who is unaware that Spain and Britain are recent allies.



4—ANNOUNCING herself to the furious skipper, Lady Barbara Wellesley relates that she has been driven from Panama by plague and demands passage home. Keen to recapture Natividad he takes her into fight.



5—BATTLE with Natividad, which carries more cannon, is better manned, and is a far larger vessel than Lydia. Ends in triumph for superior seamanship of Hornblower when the great ship goes down in a burst of flames. Battered but still afloat, victorious Lydia sets sail for England, and during the long weeks at sea Captain Hornblower and Lady Barbara fall in love. But he is married, and Barbara is betrothed to Admiral Sir Rodney Leighton.



6—PLYMOUTH at last. Her pride hurt by Hornblower's stern stand about his seldom-seen wife, Lady Barbara says a quiet good-bye on deck. Ashore Captain Hornblower learns of the death of his wife.



8—ESCAPE to England by Hornblower. Lieutenant Bashi, and faithful Gunner Quist after being captured by French follows another unorthodox Hornblower patrol. They learn of Leighton's death in the battle.



7—ON BOARD Lydia to meet Lady Barbara, jealous fiancé Admiral Sir Rodney Leighton criticizes Hornblower's decisions on Natividad. Later Hornblower receives orders to sail with Leighton's squadron.



9—REUNION with Lady Barbara in the garden of his home, crowns the triumph of a man who has become a great British naval hero. Captain Horatio Hornblower surveys his own small world happily.

Natural looking Curls



that defy dampness, sun, heat, dryness, cold

Yes—Richard Hudnut Home Permanent gives you the most natural-looking wave you've ever seen, no frizz, no kinks, and so easy to manage. It can do this because of its 22% more effective waving lotion—and because of its brand-new secret ingredient, NEUTRALISER BOOSTER.

Now, you can not only get soft, lustrous, natural-looking curls, but also stronger curls that are unaffected by the elements, curls that spring right back after combing with all the strength of natural curls.

Use the economical Richard Hudnut Home Permanent Refill Kit—it contains everything you need except curlers, and may be used with any plastic curlers. If you prefer, the complete kit is available containing everything required plus a bottle of Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse.

At all chemists and selected department stores.



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GIVE IT A BEAUTIFUL LUSTROUS SHEEN WITH

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IT'S Concentrated—32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8-OZ. BOTTLE.



BANISH WORMS

If symptoms such as grinding of the teeth whilst asleep, itching of the nose and other parts, excessive thirst, capricious appetite, fits, giddiness, or convulsions are apparent in your children, worms might be the cause. Adults also suffer from these parasites.

For sale and sure treatment of Stomach and Thread Worms use COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS. Being specially flavored, children like them. W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd., 23 Laing St., Sydney.

COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS

Worth Reporting

CHIEF photographer of Vogue magazine, 38-year-old Englishman Anthony Denney, who has accompanied the British Vogue Export Book parade mannequins to Australia, is the highest paid photographer in London.

As well as work for English Vogue, Mr. Denney does special photographs for the American and French editions of Vogue. In fact, his trip to Australia is a lengthy detour to the New York office of the magazine.

Essential to a Vogue model, he said, are an interest in clothes, personality, ability to take painstaking care of the grooming of her face, and a natural grace of movement.

If a prospective Vogue girl is 5ft. 10in. tall she is too tall; if she is 5ft. she is too short. Generally she must not be more than 5ft. 8in. without shoes. If her waist measures more than 24in. she is out. Vogue likes a bust measurement of 34in. and a hip measurement of 36in.

Previous training as a model is not important. "I would rather do anything than try to photograph a girl who has had a smattering of bad training, and will insist on posing," Mr. Denney said.

"Vogue photographers pick their own models," he added. "Each man photographs his own type, so a girl may be interviewed several times before somebody sees in her a quality he thinks worth developing."

"The photographer is responsible for everything about his pictures—pose, background, and each detail of the model's appearance."

"He becomes, as a result of this system, beautician, dress adviser, hair stylist, and father confessor."

"I have often," Mr. Denney said, without a hint of boastfulness, "wiped the make-up off a new model's face, redone it, and sent her home to study her new self in the mirror."

Della Oake, one of the Vogue models now in Australia, is a Denney discovery. He has been photographing her for six years. She is now Vogue's top model.

Mushrooms for Royalty

FOR several years Lady Lavarack has been growing mushrooms beneath the potting shed in the grounds of Government House, Brisbane. Next month she and Lew, the head gardener, will make a special planting.

This is so that Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh can, if they wish, have mushrooms "grown on the estate," while they are staying at Government House.

The mushrooms Lady Lavarack and Lew grow from spawn sent from Melbourne are more tender than those that sprout in the open in Queensland, and they have a very fine flavor.

Lady Lavarack has also found that cultured mushrooms crop prolifically in Brisbane's steady heat. On two consecutive mornings last year she gathered a total of 14lb.



Life with (a musician) father

THERE was little pomp and circumstance about the private life of Britain's great composer Sir Edward Elgar, according to his daughter and only child, Mrs. Elgar Blake, who is now visiting Australia and New Zealand.

"Father always believed that to compose successfully one had to have an outside distraction," Mrs. Blake told us. "The trouble was that father, with his usual enthusiasm, would become so wrapped-up in his 'distraction' that he would forget all about his work."

One of Sir Edward's less successful distractions was a basement laboratory where his experiments once nearly suffocated his wife and daughter in their second-floor bedrooms.

"My parents were devoted to each other," Mrs. Blake said. "Mother, who had literary aspirations before she was married, composed the words for two of father's songs. They are 'The Snow' and 'Fly, Singing Bird.'"

After describing her father as a man so witty and entertaining that he could make a shared London bus-ride an adventure, Mrs. Blake told the story of an old lady who, seeing Sir Edward walking his Aberdeen terrier on a lead, stopped him and said: "Don't you know that it's very wrong to put a dog on a lead?"

"Madam," replied Sir Edward, "it is not the dog who is on the lead, but I."

FAULTY memory often causes unhappy home and married life, says American Dr. Bruno Furst. Conversely, a serene and relaxed home-life has been found to strengthen the memory, he claims.

At an authority on memory training, Dr. Furst says that many domestic arguments could be avoided if husband and wife did not forget anniversaries, food preferences, and favorite colors.

"Once a marriage has become unhappy, married people will tend more and more to forget things," he adds as a final warning.

AN American department store is so tired of women wanting to return purchases that the management offers shoppers a 7 per cent. dividend (payable three times yearly) on everything they have bought, provided they keep their returns under 10 per cent. of total expenditure. All this, and bonuses too.

A model of elegance

THE day before Barbara Goslen, England's top freelance fashion model, left London for Australia, she posed for 60 fashion pictures to cover the time she will be away. Mrs. Goslen arrives this week to model a collection of clothes made from Miki Sekers fabrics.

She is a widow with two children, and at the age of 30 earns £2500 a year. She introduced the "doe-eyed look," you may remember.

"I work hard all day," Mrs. Goslen said, "but nearly every evening I have a dinner and dancing date. I hope I don't sound too much like a play-girl."

Her favorite haunts are the Cafe de Paris and the Four Hundred Club.

Like Princess Margaret, Barbara Goslen has her "set." One of her most frequent escorts is Lord Montague of Beaulieu, who is also a friend of Princess Margaret.

Accompanying her to Australia are the managing director of the firm, Mr. Miki Sekers, and his assistant, Mr. David Scott-Gatty, a former Irish Guardsman. Local Brummels hoping for a date with Mrs. Goslen had better study David's tailoring.

"I thoroughly approve of David's clothes," she said. "He's learned how to appear smart all the time, no matter what the difficulties. Australians will see in David's clothes what I think a young man should wear."

"I like my men friends to be very well dressed. A man must have casual elegance, but with just that touch of restraint that so distinguishes Englishmen."

These are Mrs. Goslen's requirements in an escort: Attentiveness, ability to amuse, assurance, sophistication, and intelligence.



Be in fashion with

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Keep a bottle of Sloan's always handy. It's valuable for stopping the pain also of bruises, sprains, joint aches and fibrositis. Never be without Sloan's—the greatest protection against pains and aches in muscles and joints.

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says

Betty King



Noted Home Economist of
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Cold comfort in a heatwave: a bowl of crackling salad in a larger bowl of ice . . . little dishes of frozen tomato juice wreathed with cucumber slices . . . fresh fruits, colourful and cold, in rings of fragrant melon . . . tinkle-thin glasses of amber iced tea spiked with wafers of lemon or lime.

(Never tried iced tea? It's as cooling as a breeze right off the Alps! Choose Lipton for brisk flavour, serve it fresh and glacier-cold).

Summertime — and the living is easy. Maybe the song writer didn't know about Mellah but you (we trust) do, so why not simplify your Summer by dispensing with hot, long-cooked desserts? Here's a special Summertime Menu for tonight, climaxed with a dreamy Mellah sweet. (Just spoon cooled Chocolate Mellah into a crisp baked tartshell, top with cream or meringue). Mellah sweets are so delicious and nutritious . . . save you precious hours to squander in the sun.



Summer MENU

Continental
Chicken Noodle Soup

Toasted Sandwiches

Chilled Chocolate Pie

Tea—piping hot or iced

swelling countenance. The patient visibly brightened, "Meaning Chicken Noodle Soup?" he asked hopefully. His moustaches twitched with greed. "I can taste that chicken already!"

Daylight saving at your house. We're referring, of course, to the hastiest, *lastest* soup that ever perked up a weather-weary appetite. Need I remind you that Continental Chicken Noodle Soup is perfectly home-cooked in 7 minutes? Just think what THAT means in terms of extra leisure, a cool uncluttered kitchen, a rested and prettier you!

Clever Cooks love contrast. It's smart strategy — and sound nutrition — to preface a cold meal with spanking-hot soup. But why get out your stockpot (it's a holiday, remember!) when you can make their favourite soup in 7 minutes by the clock? When its Continental that is!

Thirst quenchers in technicolour: tinted ice cubes add a party air to drinks. Instead of freezing clear water, colour it a delicate mint-green . . . a soft pineapple-yellow . . . the palest strawberry pink.



There's more to a picnic than ants in the jam. Mellah for instance — Chocolate, Caramel or Vanilla. *Easy way to keep it icy-cold:* set Mellah in the top of your double saucepan, pack ice in the bottom and wrap in several thicknesses of newspaper to insulate.

Any milk lodgers in your family circle? Youngsters burn up energy faster than we do, so give them their full quota of milk — and other energy foods as well — in exciting chilled desserts. Make it a *meal* — with Mellah . . . and then watch those well-scraped plates come back for more!

Mrs. P. G. Verschuys of 14 Jacques St., Hawthorn East, Victoria, wins our £18 prize for the Letter of the Month . . .



Address any correspondence to Betty King Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney

WB.11 WWFPC

Page 35

RECOMMENDED BY

Betty King

You can be sure of the products endorsed by Betty King.



Betty King will be back next month with another invitation to "COME INTO THE KITCHEN"

Persil Washes WHITEST!



It takes more than
SUDS ALONE
to get the
whitest whites



IT'S THE OXYGEN IN PERSIL'S SUDS
THAT MAKES
ALL THE DIFFERENCE

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keen

● Fullness over a slim line achieved with a flaring panel or panels is a current feature in semi-formal fashions. This item answers a reader who asked for a frock for home entertaining that would also be suitable for street wear.

"I WOULD like your help with a frock for autumn. The material is crepe. I want the frock to wear at home when we entertain in our little circle and also for street wear. Could I have the design sleeveless?"

My suggestion for your dress is a slimly tailored one-piece with an additional skirt panel that can be buttoned on. The panel will give that extra glamor, and, after all, there is no place like home to look your best. The dress is illustrated at right. The bodice-top is sleeveless, as requested, and has an unusual yoke effect. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price, 3/6. The panel at the top of the page will tell you where and how to order.

Suitable colors

"I AM in my forties and wondered if it would be incorrect for me to wear a pink dinner-frock."

If pink suits you, certainly choose it for your dinner-dress. Most color clichés, such as pink being young or blue good for blondes, are not strictly true. The only really



One-piece with button-on panel is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 3/6.

satisfactory way of finding if a shade is flattering to your coloring is by trying it against your skin, hair, and eyes. There are fashions in color, and at the moment pink, particularly at night, is high fashion.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for one-piece with additional skirt panel, illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keen, Dress Sense, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4081, G.P.O., Sydney, and enclose 3/6 for each pattern.

BE SURE TO STATE SIZE CLEARLY.

C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

Snappy jacket

"I WOULD like a snappy jacket or blouse, casual but suitable to wear with skirt, or pedal-pushers. I like fair coloring and like the latest styles."

My suggestion is a multi-blouse, loose and poucho-like that can mix with and match your various slacks and skirts. This type of jacket blouse is as smart and new as anything you could choose. For the material I like the idea of wool jersey or corduroy. The color will depend on the colors in your wardrobe. I keep in mind all shades of blue, steel-grey, and violet.

Hat styles

"WHAT are the latest millinery styles? I am going to Sydney next Easter and want our local milliner to make me several new shapes."

Autumn millinery shapes will be either large or small and head-hugging, punctuated by jutting feather trim. In the first series the two outstanding models are the tricorne shape and a wide-brimmed the-sides hat. In the second hat group you will find draped turban (good in velvet), a minute bonnet, tam-shanter, and a small shape dipping to one side. For the new season all small hats should fit close and snug and well-groomed head.

"FELICITY ANNE." An attractive one-piece finished with a white organdie tie-front and black velvet ribbon bow. The material is check cotton gingham. The color choice is red, blue, white; blue, green, and white; and green, apricot, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 55/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 57/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 43/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 45/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

"DOMINIQUE." A pretty design made in shell-pattern "Picord" cotton. The color choice includes tan, green, white; yellow, grey, and white; light navy, American-boutique; and white; sage-blue, grey, white; and green, grey, white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 59/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 62/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 43/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 45/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 43.

WHEN the temperature is in the eighties or nineties, don't take cold showers, drink alcohol or iced soft drinks, or eat lots of ice-cream.

Not only do they make you hotter, but there's a good chance that they'll knock your central nervous system out of kilter.

The central nervous system has a department that lets the body know when it's hot and so twists the dials that govern the temperature-regulating mechanisms. When this system muddles its signals, the body doesn't know how hot it is. It may even think it's cool.

Cool down with tepid showers, take cool drinks or hot tea, and go easy with those heat-producing ice-creams.

You'll find more advice on how not to keep cool in the February issue of A.M., the magazine for men and women. It's on sale now.

got no brains, y'know; never could learn anything. I ran into him in the High."

"The High?" repeated Arabella.

"Oxford, you know," said Bertram loftily. "Dash it, Bella, you can't have forgot I've been up to take my Smalls!"

"No, indeed!" she said. "Sophy wrote that you were gone there. How did you go on, Bertram? Do you think you have passed?"

"Heavens, I don't know! There was one devilish paper—but never mind that now. The thing is that I met old Felix here, the very man I wanted!"

"Oh, yes?" Arabella said, adding with a civil smile, "Were you up for Smalls, too, sir?"

"Of course he wasn't," said Bertram. "Don't I keep telling you he can't learn anything? He was visiting some friends in Oxford—found it pretty dull work, too. However, that's not what I want to talk about. The thing is, Bella, that Felix is going to

show me all the sights here."

"And Papa gave his consent!" exclaimed Arabella.

"As a matter of fact," said Bertram airily, "he doesn't know I'm here."

"Doesn't know you're here?" cried Arabella.

Mr. Scunthorpe cleared his throat. "Given him the bag," he explained.

Arabella turned her eyes wonderingly towards her brother. He looked a little guilty, but said, "No, you can't say I've given him the bag!"

Mr. Scunthorpe corrected himself. "Hoaxed him."

Bertram seemed to be about to take exception to this, too, but after beginning to refute it he broke off and said, "Well, in a way I suppose I did."

"Bertram, you must be mad," cried Arabella, pale with dismay. "When Papa knows you are in London, and without leave—"

"The thing is he won't know it," interrupted Bertram. "I said Felix had invited me to stay with him. They won't know where I am, because I didn't give my direction. And that brings me to what I particularly want to warn you about, Bella. I'm going by the name of Anstey."

He added, while Arabella groped for words, "I don't mind if you tell your godmother I'm a friend of yours, but you are not to say I'm your brother. She'd be bound to write and tell my mother, and then the fat would be in the fire!"

"But, Bertram, how can you dare?" asked Arabella, in an awed voice. "Papa will be so angry."

"Yes, I know. I shall get a rare trimming, but I shall have had a bang up time first and I can stand a lick or two after," said Bertram cheerfully.

"You needn't mind Felix; he's no gaber! What in thunder have you been about, Bella?"

"Bertram, everyone believes me to be a great heiress," disclosed Arabella, in a stricken tone.

He stared at her for a moment, and then burst out laughing. "You goosecap! I'll wager they don't. Why, Lady Bridlington knows you are not. You don't mean that she put such a tale about?"

She shook her head. "I said it!" she confessed.

As she elaborated her story, one point above all caught Mr. Scunthorpe's attention—the fact that Arabella had attracted the attention of no less a personage than Mr. Beaumaris.

Bertram, to whom that point was without meaning, fully appreciated the difficulty in which Arabella found herself. At the moment, however, he was in no mood to burden himself too heavily with his sister's worries.

"Dashed awkward fix," he finally declared. "Still, I dare say I shall hit upon something. I'll think about it at all events. Should I stay to do the pretty to this godmother of yours, do you think?"

in the assurance that he would be willing to rig out any friend of Mr. Scunthorpe's on tick, Bertram raised no objection to jumping into a hackney at once and telling the jarvey to drive with all speed to Clifford Street.

Mr. Scunthorpe vouched for it that Shifnal's art would give his friend quite a new touch, and then imparted to him a few useful hints, particularly warning him against such extravagances of style as must give rise to the suspicion that he belonged to the extreme

dandy-set frowned upon by the real Pinks of the Ton.

Beyond question, the finest model for any aspiring gentleman to copy was the Nonpareil, Mr. Beaumaris.

Arrived in Clifford Street, they obtained instant audience of Mr. Shifnal, who was so obliging as to bring out his pattern card immediately, and to advise his new client on the respective merits of suitings, then put his mind to the selection of a cloth for a coat.

Please turn to page 38



Tests Published in Authoritative Dental Literature Show That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating With

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

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Two and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay than any other dentifrice. Colgate's other dentifrice offers much good—but most conclusive proof was reported for a dentifrice of any type.

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Seeing's believing...



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See how your
teeth whiten
and brighten—**

Others have done it — thousands of them.
Here's what one of them said:—
"On using your tooth paste, my teeth
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first thing you'll notice is a clean, refreshing
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That famous "tingle" is a sure sign that
Macleans is quickly at work, making your teeth
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It's because Macleans is quick and safe that it
has become Britain's biggest selling tooth paste.
Use it to put new sparkle in your smile. Don't
half-clean your teeth — Maclean them... for
a double-bright smile.

**MACLEAN'S
PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE
makes teeth
WHITER**



Arabella

THOUGH he had not intended to order a coat, Bertram was persuaded to do so, as much by Mr. Shifnal's assertion that a single-breasted cloth, with wide lapels and silver buttons, would set his person off to advantage, as by the whispered assurance of his friend that the tailor always gave his clients long credit.

Indeed, Mr. Scunthorpe was rarely troubled with his tailor's account, since that astute man of business was well aware that being a fatherless minor Mr. Scunthorpe's considerable fortune was held in trust by tight-fisted guardians, who doled him out a beggarly allowance.

Nothing so ungentle as cost or payment was mentioned during the session in Clifford Street, so that Bertram left the premises torn between relief and a fear that he might have pledged his credit for a larger sum than he could afford to pay.

But the novelty and excitement of a first visit to the metropolis soon put such untimely thoughts to rout, while a lucky bet at the Fives Court clearly showed the novice the easiest way of raising the wind.

A close inspection of such sprigs of fashion as were to be seen at the Fives Court made Bertram very glad to think he had bespoken a new coat, and he confided to Mr. Scunthorpe that he would not visit the haunts of fashion until his clothes had been sent home.

Mr. Scunthorpe thought this was a wise decision, then volunteered to show his friend how an evening full of fun and gig could be spent in less exalted circles.

This entertainment, beginning as it did in the Westminster Pit, and proceeding by way of the shops of Tothill Fields, where adventurous lads tossed off noddies of Blue Ruin in company with brislers, coal-heavers, and apple-women, ended in the watch house, Mr. Scunthorpe having become bellicose under the influence of his potations.

Bertram, quite unused to such quantities of liquor as he had imbibed, was too much fuddled to have any very clear notion of what circumstance it was that had excited his friend's wrath. But when a mill was in progress it was not his part to inquire into the cause of it.

Since he was by no means unlearned in the noble art of self-defence he was able to render yeoman service to Mr. Scunthorpe, and was in a fair way to milling his way out of the shop when the watch burst in upon them, and, after a spirited set to, haled them off to the watch house.

Here, after considerable parley, conducted for the defence by the experienced Mr. Scunthorpe, they were admitted to bail and warned to present themselves next day in Bow Street not a moment later than twelve o'clock. The night constable then packed them both into a hackney and they drove to Mr. Scunthorpe's lodging.

Bertram passed what little was left of the night on the sofa in his friend's sitting-room. He awoke with a splitting headache, no clear recollection of the late happenings, but a lively dread of the possible consequences of his evening.

Continued from page 37

However, when Mr. Scunthorpe's man had revived his master and he emerged from his bedchamber he was soon able to allay any such misgivings.

"Nothing to be in a fret for, dear boy," he said. "Been piloted to the lighthouse scores of times! Watchman will produce broken lantern in evidence—they always do it—you give false name, pay fine, and all's right."

So, indeed, it proved, but the experience a little shocked the vicar's son. This, coupled with the extremely unpleasant after effects of drinking, made him determine to be more circumspect in future, and for several days he devoted himself to quite innocuous amusements.

At the end of a week, Mr. Shifnal, urged by Mr. Scunthorpe, delivered the new clothes, and, after purchasing such embellishments to his costume as a tall cane, a fob, and a Marseilles waistcoat, Bertram ventured to show himself in the Park at the fashionable hour of five o'clock.

Here he had the felicity of seeing beautifully mounted riders; a number of dashing gigs and tilburies; the elegant barouches of the ladies; and Mr. Beaumaris' yellow-winged phaeton-and-four, which he appeared to be able to turn within a space so small as to seem impossible to any mere whipster.

Nothing would do for Bertram after that but to repair to the nearest job-master's stables and to arrange for the hire of a showy chestnut hack.

Whatever imperfections might attach to the bearing and style of a young gentleman from the country, Bertram knew himself to be a good rider, and in this guise determined to show himself to the society which his sister already adorned.

As luck would have it, he encountered her on the day when he first sallied forth, mounted upon his hired hack. She was sitting up beside Mr. Beaumaris in his famous phaeton, chatting animatedly to him, when she caught sight of her brother trotting along on his chestnut hack.

"Oh, it is—Mr. Anstey!" she exclaimed impulsively. "Do pray stop, Mr. Beaumaris!"

Mr. Beaumaris drew up his team while she waved to Bertram, who brought his hack up to the phaeton and bowed politely, only slightly quizzing her with his eyes.

Glaucing at him indifferently, Mr. Beaumaris caught this look, became aware of a slight tension in the trim figure beside him, and looked under his lazy eyelids from one to the other.

"How do you do? How do you go on?" said Arabella, stretching out her hand in its glove of white kid.

Bertram bowed over it very creditably, and replied, "Famously! I mean to come—I mean to visit you some morning, Miss Tallant."

"Oh, yes, please do," Arabella looked up at her escort, blushed, and stammered, "May I p-present Mr. Anstey to you, Mr. Beaumaris? He—he is a friend of mine."

"How do you do?" responded Mr. Beaumaris politely. "From Yorkshire, Mr. Anstey?"

"Oh, yes! I have known Miss Tallant since I was in

Beauty in brief:

New hairlines

● The unparted hair-do that combs back from forehead and temples quite smoothly is back in vogue. This raises once more the question of if, where, and how to part your hair.

By CAROLYN EARLE

You may choose your part from this collection: centre, side, circular, semi-circular, full length, or partial. Experts say that a side parting suits most women.

You may decide to try the current vogue and wear no parting at all; if you own a good forehead line it is probably all right, but many women have sparse temples which need some sort of camouflage.

Here are a few good parting instructions:

Wear a low side part if you have a pointed face; a diagonal parting if your face is round, or long if you have a long nose.

Part slightly to the side of a widow's peak, or use your part for back-of-the-head interest.

Fine hair may often be given better distribution and made to look heavier by a diagonal part running from the best point of the hairline to the crown of the head.

short coats," grinned Bertram.

"You will certainly be much envied by Miss Tallant's numerous admirers," responded Mr. Beaumaris. "Are you staying in London?"

"Just a short visit, you know," Bertram's gaze reverted to the team harnessed to the phaeton, all four of them on the fret.

"I say, sir, that's a bang-up team you have in hand," he said, with all his sister's impulsiveness. "Oh, don't look at this hack of mine—showy, but I never crossed a greater slug in my life!"

"You hunt, Mr. Anstey?" "Yes, with my uncle's pack, in Yorkshire. We get some pretty good runs, I can tell you," Bertram confided.

"Mr. Anstey," interrupted Arabella, fixing him with a very compelling look, "I think

Lady Bridlington has sent a card for her ball. I mean to come!"

"Well, you know, Bertram," said Bertram, "disastrous lack of gallantry—that sort of mummery is much in my line."

He perceived an ungainly expression in her eyes, added hastily, "That is, I thought, I am sure! You shall be there! And I hope to have the lady standing up with you!" ended punctiliously.

Mr. Beaumaris did not take the minatory note in Arabella's voice as she said, "I think we are to have a visit from you to-morrow, sir!"

"Oh!" said Bertram, "of course! I'll come in to see you all right and tight!"

Please turn to page 38

**Is he
ALWAYS
so happy?**



The sweetest disposition goes into eclipse when the little tummy is upset. That's when CALIFIG so quickly restores normal action and natural energy.

CALIFIG is so perfect a laxative because it insures you against the danger of over-dosing. Being a Syrup, you can regulate the dose to suit the child and the need of the moment. CALIFIG is absolutely free from harsh chemicals and synthetic cathartics. It's just the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna... safe... and delicious.

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Always ask for it by name: CALIFIG

Califig
The Original
CALIFORNIA SYRUP of FIGS

DOFFING

Arabella *Continued from page 38*

had, Bertram bowed, and rode off at an easy canter.

Arabella appeared to be conscious that some explanation was called for. She said lightly, "You must know, sir, that we have been brought up almost as—as brother and sister."

"I thought perhaps you had," responded Mr. Beaumaris gravely.

She glanced sharply up at his profile, but he seemed to be wholly absorbed in the task of manoeuvring the phaeton through a gap between a dowager's landaulet and a smart-looking barouche.

Arabella reassured herself with the reflection that whereas she favored her mama, Bertram was said to be the image of what the vicar had been at the same age.

A moment later, entrancing Mr. Beaumaris with one of her unguarded moments of vivacity, she told him of the elegant, gilt-edged card of invitation which had arrived that very day in Park Street from no less a personage than the Lord Chamberlain.

He informed Lady Bridlington that he was commanded by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent to invite her, and Miss Tallant, to a dress-party at Carlton House on Thursday next.

Mr. Beaumaris said that he would look out for her at Carlton House and refrained from observing that the Regent's parties, planned as they were on a magnificent scale which offended the taste of such arbiters of true elegance as himself, were amongst the worst squeezes in town.

The following afternoon, Bertram duly presented himself in Park Street.

Lady Bridlington having retired, as she always did, to her couch, to recruit her energies

for an evening to be spent at no fewer than four different parties, Arabella was able to enjoy a tete-a-tete with her brother.

While acknowledging handsomely that he was glad to think of her being invited to Carlton House, he said that he supposed there would be a vast rout of fashionables present, and that for himself he preferred to spend his evenings in a simpler style.

He further begged her not to favor him with a description of the gown she meant to wear.

She perceived that he was not much interested in her social triumphs and turned willingly enough to his own chosen amusements. He was slightly evasive on this subject, replying to her questions in general terms.

He especially refrained from telling her of an assignation he had made with a new acquaintance that very morning. He had seen at a glance that Mr. Jack Carnaby was quite the thing, but something warned him that Arabella would regard with horror his approaching introduction into a snug little gaming house under the auspices of this gentleman.

It would be of very little use to assure her that he was going merely for the experience; even Mr. Scunthorpe had shaken his head over this new scheme, but since he owned, upon inquiry, that nothing was known to Mr. Carnaby's discredit, Bertram paid scant heed to his advice, and that evening he set forth with his new friend.

Mr. Carnaby led him to a discreet house off Pall Mall, where, upon knocking in a certain fashion on the door, they were inspected through a grille, and finally admitted.

Nothing could have been further removed from Bert-

ram's expectations of what a gaming den would be like than the decorous house in which he found himself. The various servants were all very respectable men, with quiet manners, and it would have been hard to have found a more civil host than the proprietor.

Never having indulged in any game more dashing than whist, Bertram spent some time in looking on, but when he thought he had mastered the rules governing hazard he ventured to join that table, armed with a modest rouleau.

He soon perceived that Mr. Scunthorpe had been quite at fault in his talk, for he enjoyed a run of astonishing luck and came away at last with his pocket so full of guineas that he had no longer any need to worry over his expenses.

The following day a lucky bet put him in a fair way to thinking himself at home on the Turf and at the Table, and it was not to be expected that he would lend any but an impatient ear to Mr. Scunthorpe's dark prophecies.

"Know what my uncle says?" Mr. Scunthorpe demanded. "They always let a newcomer win the first time. Hedge off, dear boy! They'll queer you in the long run!"

BERTRAM retorted sharply, "Oh, fudge! I hope I'm not such a gudgeon as to dip too deeply! I'll tell you what, Felix, I would like to play just once at Watier's, if you could contrive it for me!"

"What?" gasped Mr. Scunthorpe. "Dear old boy, they would never let you set foot inside the place. Why, I've never played there myself."

Mr. Scunthorpe did, however, take him to Limmer's Hotel in Conduit Street, an establishment of keen interest to any follower of the art of boxing, where were to be found all the Pets of the Ring.

Bertram and Mr. Scunthorpe sat down in one of the boxes, and Mr. Scunthorpe painstakingly pointed out to him all the notabilities he could see. He then excused himself and bore down upon some friend and became absorbed in conversation with him.

While he was thus engaged, Bertram saw Mr. Beaumaris stroll in with a party of friends, but as he had by this time fully grasped the exalted position occupied by the Nonpareil he was flattered beyond measure when Mr. Beaumaris walked across the sanded floor and sat down at his table.

"Did I not meet you in the Park the other day?" he said, with a slight smile. "Mr.—er—Anatey, I believe?"

Bertram acknowledged it, flushing shyly; but when Mr. Beaumaris added casually, "You are related to Miss Tallant, I collect?" he made haste to deny any relationship, adding that Miss Tallant was quite above his touch.

Mr. Beaumaris accepted this without comment, and asked him where he was putting up in town. Bertram saw no harm in disclosing his direction, or even in telling Mr. Beaumaris that this was his first visit to the metropolis.

It was the expressed opinion of Mr. Jack Carnaby that the Nonpareil was a haughty, disagreeable kind of a man, but Bertram was unable to trace the least sign of

haughtiness, or of reserve, in his manners. In less than no time Bertram was confiding far more to his grand new acquaintance than he had the least idea of.

Mr. Beaumaris complimented him on his seat on a horse, and any barrier Bertram might have raised between himself and the author of his sister's predicament crumbled at this touch.

He was led on to describe the country over which he hunted, the exact locality of Heytham, and his own impossible ambitions, without having the smallest suspicion that all this information was being skilfully extracted from him.

Bertram told Mr. Beaumaris about Smalls, and his hopes of adorning the Horse Office, and when Mr. Beaumaris said, with a humorous lift to one eyebrow, that he should not have supposed him to have had parliamentary ambitions, he blurted out his real ambition of a commission in the Hussars.

"But it can't be, of course," he said wistfully. "Only I would have liked of all things to have been able to have joined a cavalry regiment."

"I think you would do very well in a cavalry regiment," agreed Mr. Beaumaris, rising, as Mr. Scunthorpe came back to the table. "Meanwhile, do not draw the bustle with too much of a vengeance during this visit of yours to London!"

He nodded to Mr. Scunthorpe and walked away, leaving that stunned gentleman to explain to Bertram just how greatly he had been honored.

Mr. Beaumaris, however, quelling the ecstatic advances of his canine admirer, an hour or two later, said, "If you had any real regard for me, Ulysses, you would be greeting me with condolences rather than with these raptures."

Ulysses, considerably plumper, and with his flying ear more rebellious than ever, uttered an encouraging bark.

Mr. Beaumaris poured himself out a glass of wine and sat down with it in his favorite chair. Ulysses sat before him and sighed deeply.

Mr. Beaumaris stirred him with one foot. "I wonder if you are right?" he mused. "A month ago I should have been sure of it. Yet I let her saddle me with a foundling brat, and a mongrel cur—you will forgive my plain speaking, Ulysses—and I am now reasonably certain that neither of you is to be the most tiresome of my responsibilities."

He took a sip of wine.

"Do you suppose," he resumed, "that that wretched youth is masquerading under a false name for reasons of his own, or in support of her pretensions? Do not look at me like that! You may consider that experience should have taught me wisdom, but I do not believe that it was all a clever plot to inveigle me into declaring myself."

He lapsed into thoughtful silence, frowning slightly.

"I am not even sure," he concluded at length, "that she regards me with more than tolerance. In fact, Ulysses, I am not very sure of anything—and I think I will pay my grandmother a long overdue visit."



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To be continued



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Week-ends!



Instead of Meat

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

MEAT is one of the most costly items on the shopping list, but it is possible to arrange a menu now and again without it which will prove satisfying and sustaining.

Cheese, eggs, fish, and dried peas or beans (or dishes made from a combination of these ingredients) are good substitutes for meat, because they contain the same body-building material, protein, as meat.

The menus suggested here are based on eggs and dried beans, and though both main dishes include items which are not cheap they are still less costly than meat.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

(See color photograph)

Pineapple juice cocktail
Curried eggs with savory rice
Green salad
Fresh fruit

PINEAPPLE JUICE COCKTAIL

Boil skin and core of 1 pineapple for 10 minutes with water to barely cover and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Strain, measure, add 1-3rd as much tinned pineapple juice or $\frac{1}{4}$ as much fresh pineapple juice. For each cup of pineapple juice add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chopped mint and 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Chill. Place some chopped pineapple in each serving glass, add a little crushed ice, and pour chilled pineapple juice over. Decorate with mint sprigs.

CURRIED EGGS

Six hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or more, according to taste), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 apple, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 pint water or stock, 1 dessertspoon fruit chutney, 1 tablespoon sultanas, few split blanched almonds (optional), parsley, lemon.

Melt shortening, add onion, brown lightly. Stir in flour, curry powder, salt, chopped apple, sugar, lemon juice, stock or water, chutney, and sultanas. Continue stirring until boiling; simmer 10 minutes. Add shelled eggs, whole or cut in halves or quarters. Continue simmering very gently for 6 to 8 minutes or until eggs are thoroughly reheated. Correct seasoning, serve hot with savory rice. Garnish with almonds, parsley, and lemon.

SAVORY RICE

Two cups cooked rice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessert-



spoon chopped parsley, 1 or 2 tablespoons finely chopped parboiled red or green pepper.

Mix all ingredients well together, stir over very low heat until butter is melted. Dip an egg-cup in cold water, fill with rice, turn out on to serving-dish. Repeat until all mixture is used.

MENU 2

Bean and bacon rarebit
Diced carrots
Spinach
Scalloped potatoes
Apple snow with jelly and custard

BEAN AND BACON RAREBIT

Two cups baked beans (tinned or home-cooked), 2 rashers lean bacon, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1-3rd cup grated cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft bread-crumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter, extra grated cheese, parsley.

Remove rind from bacon, cut into pieces. Place in cold, dry pan over low heat until fat is melted out. Add onion (and a little extra fat if necessary), cook until golden brown. Add

beans, cheese, soup, milk mixed with mustard, and sauce. Turn into greased ovenware dish, top with crumbs, dot with butter, and sprinkle with extra cheese. Bake in moderate oven until thoroughly heated and browned on top. Serve garnished with parsley. For 4.

APPLE SNOW

Four green apples, 4 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 egg-white (use yolk in custard), $\frac{1}{4}$ small lemon, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 extra tablespoons sugar, 1oz. chopped cherries (may be omitted), lemon jelly, custard.

Peel, core, and slice apples, cook to a pulp with the sugar and all but 1 tablespoon of the water. Beat smooth, set aside one-third. Dissolve gelatine in the remaining 1 tablespoon of water, stir into balance of apple pulp. Color pale green, add half the lemon juice. Fill into recess tin to set. Add remaining lemon juice to reserved apple pulp, fold in egg-white beaten to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Turn apple mould out on to serving-dish, fill centre with apple-meringue mixture. Sprinkle with cherries (if used). Serve with lemon jelly and custard.

CURRIED EGGS. left, whole or cut into halves or quarters, served with savory rice make a substantial and appetising main dish for a meatless dinner or luncheon. Vegetables are not needed with this dish as pineapple juice cocktail and a green salad provide minerals, vitamins, and color and flavor contrast.

COOL CHANGE



TRY THIS RECIPE
WITH WINE VINEGAR

SOUSÉD FISH

Prepare fish as to boil. Place in enamel dish and cover with equal parts SEPPELTS WINE VINEGAR and water. Add peppercorns and cloves to flavour. Cover with sliced onions and lemon. Season with salt and pepper and bay leaves. Place in oven for similar period as in boiling or steaming fish. Serve garnished with tomato, beetroot and shredded lettuce.



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FRENCH SALAD DRESSING:
Place in a glass jar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Mustard. Shake briskly before serving, and you'll be charmed with results.

CREAM CHEESE DRESSING:
Blend well $\frac{2}{3}$ cup of condensed milk with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Mustard, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of salt and paprika. Force a 3 oz. packet of cream cheese through a sieve, and add to mixture, beating until smooth.

**KEEN'S
MUSTARD**
.. of course



GRATED CHEESE mixed with butter and flavored with mustard and cayenne pepper gives an unusual flavor to these savory scones. If oven is too hot cheese may burn, so be careful. See main prizewinning recipe.

Cheese scones win £5

Savory cheese scones top this week's list of recipe prizewinners. Serve the scones split, buttered, and filled with chopped or sliced gherkin.

A PIQUANT cheese sauce is poured over the prepared scones before they are baked. The cheese melts, browns, and crisps in the oven, making a delicious crunchy topping.

These scones will be top-line favorites with the menfolk, especially for supper.

Vegetable-marrow chutney, a consolation prizewinner, should be made in an enamelled vessel and stirred with a wooden spoon.

All spoon measurements are level.

AMERICAN CHEESE SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 4oz. grated cheese, 1oz. butter (melted), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon

mustard, pinch cayenne pepper.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Beat egg, add milk. Fold into dry ingredients, making a soft dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to oblong shape, fold over once. Roll lightly to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, cut into rounds. Place on greased tray. Combine cheese, melted butter, mustard, and cayenne. Stir over low heat until cheese starts to melt. Spoon over scones. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Makes approximately 1 dozen scones.

First Prize of £5 to Miss M. Haas, 12 Anne St., McKinnon, Vic.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PUDDING

Half cup cake crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 3 dessertspoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked or tinned shredded pineapple (drained free of syrup), cherries to garnish.

Warm milk; add one dessert-spoon of the sugar, beaten egg-yolk, and vanilla. Pour over cake crumbs in greased oven-proof dish. Stand in dish of water, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes until set. Spread pineapple over top. Prepare meringue with remain-

ing egg-white and sugar. Pipe or spoon meringue over pineapple. Return to moderate oven to set meringue. Decorate with cherries. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. M. Baker, 201 Sydney Rd., Fairlight, N.S.W.

VEGETABLE-MARROW CHUTNEY

Four pounds prepared marrow, salt, 1oz. ground ginger, 1oz. turmeric, 3 pints vinegar, 12oz. sugar, 6oz. chopped dates or raisins, 1oz. mustard seed, 4 cloves, chillies to taste, 14lb. onions.

Peel marrow, remove seeds. Weigh, cut roughly into small dice. Place in large vessel, sprinkle with salt. Cover, allow to stand 12 hours. Strain. Mix ginger and turmeric to a paste with a little of the vinegar. Bring remaining vinegar to boiling point. Remove from heat, add sugar, dates or raisins, mustard seed, cloves, and 4 to 12 chillies according to taste. Peel, slice, and add onions. Stir in ginger and turmeric. Return to heat, boil 10 minutes. Add marrow, cook until marrow is clear. Season with salt and pepper. Bottle while hot, seal when cold with melted paraffin wax, corks dipped in wax, or cellophane-type seals. Do not use metal tops.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Suthers, McLean St., North Ipswich, Qld.



PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PUDDING is a delightful dinner sweet served hot or cold. Recipe wins a consolation prize this week.



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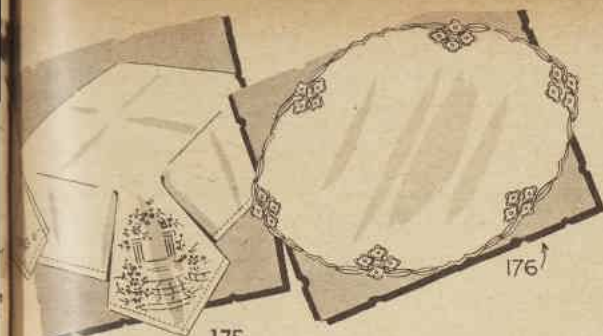
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No. 176—TRAYCLOTH
The cloth is traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen or sheer linen in pale blue, white, green, and pink; and on British headcloth in green, blue, pink, and lemon. Size: 11in. x 17in. Price: Lines 4/2, postage 10½d. extra; cotton 1/9, postage 10½d. extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 175—SMALL GIRL'S SLIP AND PANTIES
The garments are cut out ready to sew and have full making instructions. The material is a fine British cotton and is obtainable in pastel pink, blue, maize, and green.
Slip: 18in. length for 2 years, price 5/11, postage 4½d. extra; 30in. length for 4 years, price 6/11, postage 9½d. extra; 42in. length for 6 years, price 7/11, postage 9½d. extra; 54in. length for 8 years, price 8/9, postage 10½d. extra.
Panties: 2 years, price 2/9, postage 4½d. extra; 4 years, price 3/2, postage 4½d. extra; 6 years, price 3/8, postage 5½d. extra; 8 years, price 4/2, postage 5½d. extra.

No. 174—NIGHTGOWN
A pretty design with a lace trim is obtainable cut out ready to sew, with full making instructions. The material is rayon satin, the color choice includes white, pastel blue, and pastel pink.
Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, price 47/9, postage and registration 2/4 extra; 36in. bust, price 49/11, postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 173—SUPPER CLOTH AND SERVIETTES
The attractive floral design is clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen or sheer linen in white, blue, green, and pink; and on cotton in green, blue, pink, and lemon.
Size: Cloth, 36in. x 36in.; serviettes, 11in. x 11in.; cloth (Irish linen and sheer linen), price 15/11, postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Serviettes (Irish linen and sheer linen), price 7/3 each, postage and registration, 3d. each extra. Cloth (cotton), price 10/2, postage and registration, 1/2 extra. Serviettes (cotton), price 1/- each, postage and registration, 3d. each extra.



PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6756.—Beginners' pattern for a baby's smock. Sizes 16in., 17in., and 18in. lengths. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. The smock-transfer is obtainable. Pattern, price 2/-; smocking transfer, 1/6.

F6757.—Smart bolero suit has braid trim and straight skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and 4½yds. ½in. braid. Price 3/6.
F6758.—One-piece daytime dress features new American-style collar-line and a flared skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1-8th yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.
F6759.—Suit designed for autumn into winter. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F6760.—A pretty two-piece pyjama suit. The jacket is belted and finished with a Peter Pan collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 2yds. ½in. edging. Price 4/6.

F6801.—A new and glamorous design for a full-skirted ballerina frock. The dress features contrasting material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5 7-8th yds. 36in. material for skirt and 1 1-8th yds. 36in. material for bodice. Price 4/9.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 845 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland. Postage is included in prices quoted.

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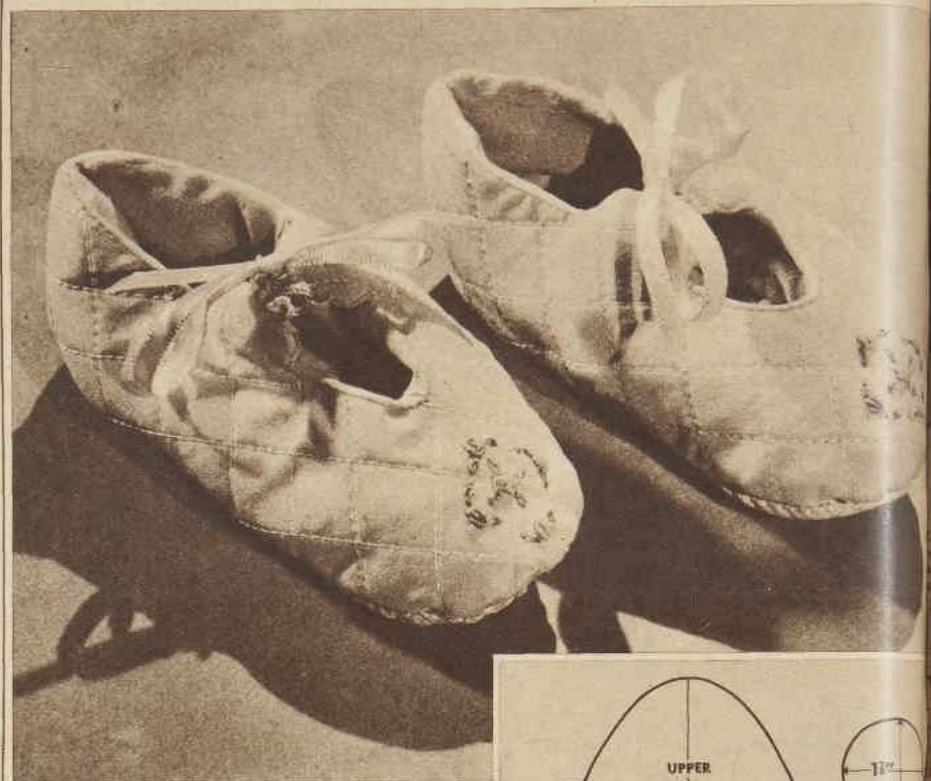
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MAKE THIS DAINTY GIFT FOR BABY



HAND EMBROIDERY and dainty ribbon bows are a pretty finish for these quilted baby shoes. Only very small remnants of silk and felt lining are needed to make them. The simple pattern and measurements for the shoes are shown in the diagram at right. Directions are given below.

Quilted silk shoes

DESIGNED to be kept on tiny feet by a high instep-tie, these attractive little shoes make an ideal gift for a baby.

Materials: Remnants of white silk, crepe-de-chine, or satin, scraps of white felt, reel of white Sylko, white satin baby ribbon, and embroidery cottons.

Cut out two pieces of material $\frac{1}{2}$ in. larger than the upper, then cut two more pieces of material $\frac{1}{2}$ in. larger than the upper. (Since these are for linings they need not necessarily be cut from silk.) Cut two pieces of white felt to the exact size of the upper. Now cut four pieces of silk $\frac{1}{2}$ in. larger than the sole and four pieces of white felt the same size as the sole.

Place the silk piece ($\frac{1}{2}$ in. larger than the upper) face downwards on the table, and, on this, place one of the white pieces of felt the same size as the upper. Tack the felt on to the upper (there will be $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of silk surrounding the felt). Mark (with pencil) lines $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart in a diagonal direction on the felt, and machine along these to form the quilting.

Place lining of upper to right side of silk and machine both together along inside and back edges (the edge of the felt is the guide for sewing).

Turn lining to inside and top-sew it to the silk (along the felt edge) round outside edge. Gather the toe-piece for about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. each side of centre-front and just ease slightly.

Cover one piece of felt, cut to sole pattern, by the silk upper. Overlap the $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to the other side of the felt and tack in place.

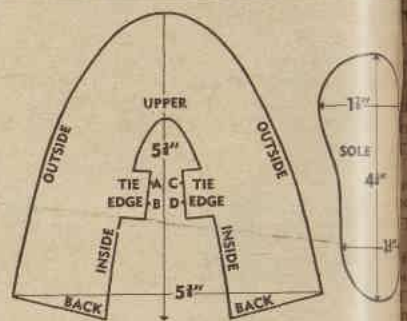
Commence from the centre and work in both directions at once (using two needles, with double cotton, one for each side of the toe, and sewing each side for about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at a time), back-stitching—upper on to sole and working from the inside of the upper. The covered side of the felt is inside the shoe so that under the sole is uncovered felt, except for the $\frac{1}{2}$ in. overlap.

After the upper has been completely sewn on to the sole, the back seam is joined by means of glove-stitch, which is a similar stitch to top-sewing except that each slanting stitch is followed by a straight stitch with the needle—taken again straight through the hole made by the last slanting stitch.

Place the other piece of silk cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. larger than the sole face downwards on the table and on this place the felt cut exactly to the size of the sole. Tack these pieces together and mark with the diagonal lines $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart, as for the upper. Machine along these lines for quilting.

Tack the seam allowance over the felt. Join this quilted sole to the inner sole by means of glove-stitch.

Buttonhole two tiny loops on each tie-edge, at A B C and D (i.e. 4 on each shoe) and lace up with baby ribbon. Work little rosebuds on each toe-piece.



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Women's Weekly, Feb. 6

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As Mr. Burton hesitated, Barbara supplied her married name. "Markham," she said.

"I used to call you Barbara, I seem to remember." He pulled out a cigarette case and offered it.

"Now listen to me. I've seen far too many worried people in my life not to recognise another one when the time comes. You're worried. You're worried sick. And that thing you're wearing is the same one you used to wear here four years ago. Now, as a reward for my being very personal and objectionable, perhaps you'll tell me what the trouble is. Your husband hard up?"

Barbara looked up into the eyes that were regarding her so closely, and suddenly felt herself relaxing. For the first time in months she could talk to somebody who was on her side, somebody on whom she could rely for sane advice. She said slowly, "Yes, he's pretty hard up."

"Is it his fault?" Mr. Burton asked her. "Drink—gambling? That sort of thing?"

Barbara laughed in spite of herself. "No," she admitted. "Nothing like that." She sat smoking her cigarette in silence for a few moments, then went on: "I married an architect. He's a good one, so far as I know. But he's always said that he wouldn't work for anyone else and he wouldn't design anything that he didn't really like."

"What does he like?" Mr. Burton inquired.

"Churches, factories. Hospitals sometimes."

"In other words, the jobs architects get when they're at the top of the ladder instead of the bottom. Go on," he said.

"Well, he obviously doesn't get much work," Barbara said. "And nothing at all regularly. We've been living on what little money we had saved, and now that's almost gone. But Guy seems to be one of these people who live in a world of their own. He honestly believes that something will turn up, while I just sit at home and watch the bills mount up and worry about how we're going to pay them."

"This child of yours could presumably be parked somewhere during the day. Why don't you come back here? You know I'd pay you well. And if it's security you're after—"

"No," Barbara said, "it's not that."

"What is it, then?" She said, "It's rather hard to describe. You answered half your question yourself when you said you'd pay me well. Do you understand what I mean when I say that it worries me to think I'd almost certainly be earning more than Guy?"

"Yes, I think so. You don't think it's a good thing for a wife to be the breadwinner of the family?"

"I'm quite sure it isn't."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 250 to 1000 words; articles up to 1200 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Decision

Continued from page 11

Barbara assured him. "And—well, I know this sounds horrible, but Guy seems never really to have grown up, not in the sense of accepting his responsibilities and things like that. If I took this job with you and started to earn a lot of money he'd be terribly hurt at first. And then after a time he wouldn't mind—he'd accept it, perhaps even come to rely on me to provide the money."

"I see," Mr. Burton stared out of the window. "May I ask how much money you owe?"

"About thirty pounds."

"Well, there's your child to consider. Are you going to risk her welfare before what is, after all, only your own personal happiness?"

"No," Barbara said slowly. "I hadn't looked at it that way."

"All right, then. Start here on Monday," Mr. Burton scribbled on a piece of paper and slipped it into an envelope. "Drop that in at the accounts department and they'll give you an advance on your salary."

How would Guy take it, she wondered? Obviously, to start with, he would be angry. But then Guy was always liable to lose his temper with new ideas; it was as if he used it as a defence against things he had not had time to understand. And afterwards? Barbara had a horrible vision of less and less concern being shown over the lack of work at his office.

Then perhaps a day would come when he would decide not to go in at all, comforted by the secure feeling that something was coming in each week. Barbara wondered dispassionately if, in the event of that happening, she would be able to bear it, bear to watch the slow disintegration of her marriage, of the man she loved. And yet there was Susan—

"I'll tell him to-morrow," Barbara decided.

She didn't tell him the next day. Or the day after. Or the day after that. It was Friday before she managed to pluck up courage.

She said, "Guy, darling, I've got some news."

Guy looked up at her with a faint smile on his intelligent face. "So I shall be very busy now—and the week after."

Barbara stared at him, said blankly, "You don't think that somebody has given you a job?"

Guy laughed. "Sure," he said, "that is exactly what have given me. A job, I mean, salaried job. Dawkins and Clerk, I designing garden sheds, garden sheds—on Monday."

"But, my darling," he whispered, "you always say you'd never work for me. That you'd never..."

"I know," Guy said, "one's rather prone to an impractical outlook on life. It suddenly seemed to me I'd been living in the long enough. Somebody to start earning a regular come pretty quickly, and day seemed as good a day as any to start."

Barbara said, "You smiled at her. I guess you see, the other evening I saw your handbag looking like a cigarette, and I was in a bit of a state with the address of old firm printed on it. Did it?"

"Did what?" "Made the penny drop," suddenly realised that we were going to get a job me—so that I could see my rather schoolboy principles. And it didn't seem quite good enough, paused. "So I went to Dawkins and Clerk and taken on — just. Guy won't hurt me to come to earth for a bit. But my ideas of mine were all but they're luxuries, and I have to wait a year or more."

Barbara suddenly felt her eyes grow misty. It was realised, an odd mixture of experience to be present at her husband's coming of age. She said, "Oh, darling, you're wonderful garden him."

Guy kissed her. "Your life I will," he said softly. "The best part in the world!"

(Copyright)

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

"WHY don't you learn to read like Martin?" "Why do you take so long to do that simple job?" "Must you be so stupid?"

These are but samples of the questions and complaints thrown at the "slow" child day after day. Too often at home, at school, and on the playground is there someone jumping on him.

There are all sorts of reasons for slowness, but none is likely to be overcome by the nagging approach. If the child is not as intelligent as most of his fellows and that is the reason for his slowness, he needs a relaxed, calm atmosphere in which to do the best he can.

If he is just as bright as others but his tempo is slower, it only upsets him to be pushed and hauled about. If he works slowly because he is really afraid he won't do well, then



"You are so slow!"

the constant harping increases his fear and...

It is not easy, but really want to help the child to do his best and come whatever it is that him slow, the only true approach is to wait without pushing and prove when he does better than usual.



STREAMLINED EFFECT. Natural wood was used for the built-in furniture which is carried around two walls of this bedroom. The deep recess in the wall behind the beds was made possible by a storage wall, cupboards of which serve the adjoining bedroom.



GIRL'S ROOM. The divan-bed fits snugly into the alcove formed by the semi-circular embassage and corner cupboard. The latter holds books and cosmetic drawers.

Build-in to save room space

Compact fixtures ideal for modern houses

The built-in idea is a wise one in this age of smaller rooms and high prices.

BUILT-IN furniture can nearly double your room space. If it is well designed, it also contributes a great deal of charm to the room.

When planning a new home, it is easy to make provision for built-in furniture. On the other hand, its installation in an older house need not be a major project.

A sectional unit incorporating a bed-head and side tables, for example, like the one shown at lower right, adds immeasurably to the appearance of a bedroom.

In this unit, miniature cup-

boards hold books and magazines. The cupboard tops serve as bedside tables.

Notice how the decorative moulding is carried along the wall on either side of the unit, linking it with the room.

Special provision is made for listening to the radio in bed by the inclusion of an in-built receiver.

Built-in fixtures that run the length of two or more walls are a more ambitious undertaking.

They can be streamlined under the windows, thus obviating any structural change, but if used this way they need to be well proportioned —

especially in a bedroom — in order to give an impression of spaciousness and serenity.

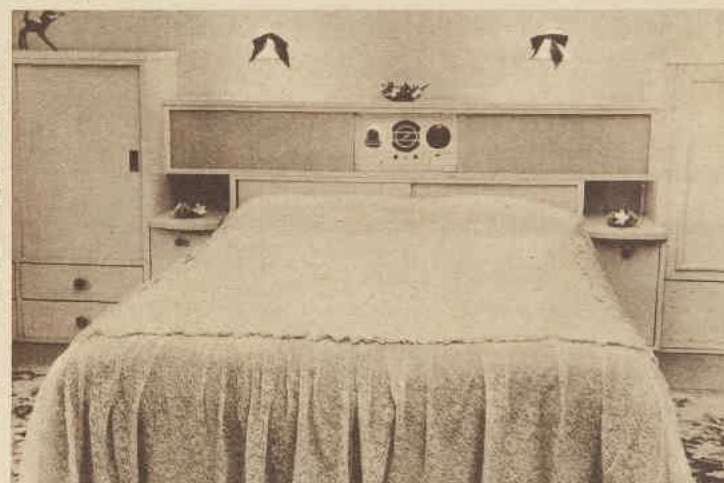
An interesting example of built-in fixtures on the streamlined principle is shown in the master bedroom at top left of this page.

Inset bookshelves are accessible from both beds. The embassage is decorative, and its flush doors conceal drawers for holding cosmetics.

The girl's bed-sitting-room, at top right of this page, illustrates an up-to-date method of making the most of available space in a very small room.

The divan bed is placed in an alcove formed by the wall and corner cupboard, both of which combine to provide a substantial yet attractive back-rest and head-board.

Unless natural wood is used, built-in furniture should be painted to match the toning of the walls. If it is to be painted, cheaper wood can be used.—EVE GYE.



SIMPLICITY is the keynote of this well-proportioned double-bed unit, formed by bed-head and cupboards. The twin lamps are in keeping with the design of the room. The unit was designed and built by Mr. E. J. Harris, of Summer Hill, N.S.W.



The only brush with

ROUND-ENDED bristles!



... SO THAT YOU CAN COMFORTABLY BRUSH BOTH TEETH AND GUMS

"Why don't you brush your gums?" Is your dentist always asking you that question? You can do as he tells you with a Wisdom toothbrush. Wisdom is the only toothbrush with round-ended bristles. With round-ended bristles you can comfortably brush teeth and gums as hard as the dentist tells you. Concentrate on that vital line where teeth meet gums — and most decay starts — with Wisdom.

Wisdom



Choose your Wisdom toothbrush from this gay merry-go-round on counters at all chemists and stores.

- (1) Nylon Bristle
- (2) Natural Bristle
- (3) Junior Brush

An Addis Product



YES!

All Wisdom toothbrushes have round-ended bristles. You can brush your gums with comfort.



NO!

Stop using that toothbrush with knife-cut bristles. They cut your gums.

I'VE TRIED ALL KINDS
OF PERMS BUT ONLY **CREST HOME**
PERMANENT GIVES ME A REALLY
NATURAL-LOOKING WAVE

says Lovely
CANADIAN PACIFIC
Air Hostess

*Pamela
Hookham*



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Ask Me No Questions

Continued from page 8

IN the end she had only five minutes, but she and Jennifer were standing together at the window when Stephen rounded the corner from the bus.

Did she imagine a new drop to his shoulders, the suggestion of a drag in his step? Did his always serious face look more serious still in the dusk?

Jennifer left Prudence's side, flung open the door, and rushed out to meet Stephen. "Daddy!" she cried, skipping in a perfect transport of delight. "Daddy!" Stephen stooped and picked her up, carrying her in the door.

For a wistful, whimsical half-second Prudence wished she were Jennifer's size and could be held in his other arm.

Francy, slightly sleepy, had been singing and playing contentedly in her bed. Now she let out a howl of frustration. "Daddy!" she called.

Sighing, Prudence started up the stairs.

By the time Stephen placed a hasty kiss of greeting on her cheek each held a wriggling, ecstatic child.

The children slid to the floor. "Are you tired?" Prudence asked, searching Stephen's face.

"A little, maybe," he said, returning her look with a smile. "What's for dinner?" He was leaning over Jennifer now, looking at her bandaged hand.

"Steak and baked potatoes. Has anything—anything gone wrong?"

"Steak and baked potatoes! Boy!" He paused, and for a moment Prudence was afraid he wouldn't answer her question.

"Nothing—nothing for you to worry about," he said finally.

What was the use? Prudence thought. They couldn't talk now.

The evening was so normal Prudence could hardly believe in the emotional tumult of the day.

After dinner Stephen smiled and remarked, as usual, that he'd eaten too much. "I'll have a bay window before I'm thirty-five," he said happily.

It was all just like every evening except—except that to-night Prudence's fear put every incident in sharp relief.

For, in spite of apparent normality, she felt certain that something was troubling Stephen deeply. Several times when there was a pause in Jennifer's play Prudence discovered him looking at her thoughtfully.

A few minutes after Jennifer had fallen into childhood's complete sleep and Prudence had joined Stephen in the living-room, Jennifer let out a long, sorrowful cry. Prudence ran upstairs again.

This did not sound like Francy's spoiled cry for attention. Maybe something was really wrong.

When Stephen entered the children's room ten minutes later he found Prudence huddled in the shadows by Francy's crib. Her head was bowed, her face in her hands. She was weeping as bitterly as Francy had been a few minutes earlier.

Stephen walked quietly to her and, leaning over, placed an arm around her bent, shaking shoulders. When her tears showed no sign of abating he stood up, thoroughly puzzled.

"Isn't Francy all right?" he asked.

Prudence was long in answering. At last she nodded. "She just had a little stomach ache," she explained. "I—I guess I fed her too fast." She looked up at him, her thick, dark lashes heavy with tears. "I'm a bad, selfish mother," she burst out. "And—and a bad wife, too. Oh, Stephen!" "Prudy, what in the world?" "But I do love you. You've got to believe it. I do!"

Gently Stephen drew her to her feet. "You've a genius for timing," he told her, smiling the quizzical little grin that was so typically Stephen. Then he tipped her face up to his.

"But what's all this nonsense about your being a bad mother and a bad wife? You've just been working too hard. Bet you've cleaned this whole house to-day—and with the kids and all it's too much."

Prudence took a deep breath and tried to smile.

"Tell you what might be good for us both," Stephen said, leading her out of the children's room and across the hall to their own. "A good dose of Jennifer's bedtime. I've had a rough day myself."

Prudence was buttoning Jennifer's dress the next morning when Stephen came across the newspaper article.

REACHING

round the paper for his cup, he said, "You know that Marriage Clinic Research business I was reading about the other evening? Well, some youngsters were taught making telephone calls calls and using the M.C.R. name. Seems they called numbers at random and asked housewives if they were happily married. Said it was a telephone questionnaire. Reminds me of Ned's old gags—only not so funny."

There was a slight pause. "Not nearly so funny," Prudence agreed at last from somewhere down among Jennifer's buttons.

"The kids say they proved something, though. According to them, marriage is an out-moded institution," Stephen laughed. "Let's have them out some time and show 'em they're wrong."

"Yes, let's. How—how were the boys discovered?"

"Boys? Yes, it does say here they were all boys. Well, it seems some of the women told the kids they weren't happy. And then they thought it over and called the Marriage Clinic office—said they'd changed their minds. So the M.C.R. got the police on to it. They tracked down the pranksters and brought them into the station. Called them down for being public nuisances, or something of the sort."

"Stephen—"

"Yes, Prudy?"

"Stephen, something was disturbing you when you came home last night. What was it?" Prudence gave Jennifer a pat on her shoulder as the little girl started for the backyard.

"It was poor old Ned," he said in a tight voice. "Marion's divorcing him. He's—he's almost crazy. Seems there was no warning. Ned supposed everything was fine—then wham! Out of the blue Marion says she can't take it any more. I would have told you

last night, but you were anyhow . . .

"Oh, poor Marion!"

"Poor Marion! Poor Ned! I'd say. He just can't figure out. He says there's nothing else. Oh, there was some low from the home office a month or so ago when Marion and I were out. Seems the fellow kind of for Marion. But Ned didn't mean anything. I'm sure of it. I don't get it. I just couldn't get it all mind."

"Of course it isn't the end from the home office," Prudence said positively. "And isn't that Marion doesn't care for Ned, either, although she probably thinks it is. It's the eternal day-in-day-out of everything! It's breakfast and dishes, lunch and dishes and then dinner and dishes."

She pushed her hair back. "It's having to go to the shops, where all you are tired, drab-looking women look as if they've already given up. It's—it's the problem, so that practically the adult contacts you have are the neighbors, if you have nothing in common with them but formulas and the price of meat."

"It's seeing no difference in your husband's eyes when he makes a special effort to please him. Maybe a man understands how it is, but—"

Prudence had risen and was looking down at Stephen's large blue eyes bright with earnestness.

Stephen rose, too, and reached over and touched her arm tentatively. "Prudy," said almost humbly, "there's something else I want to mention last night. I—I had the Ellerbrook house in my mind. The way it's been. I think we could handle it, but I was going to check dry. You'd like the neighborhood better. And the house has two bathrooms. I've been thinking for a long time, maybe we could work out something . . ."

"Oh, Stephen!" A little glow lighted up Prudence's sensitive face. Quick as lightning arms went around his neck, hug. Why hadn't she reached the depths of his understanding?

"I've got to go, dear," Stephen said, laughing as he irritated himself. "It's not a joke about the house, course."

"But even to think about . . ."

Prudence said. "The breakfast dishes are done, the house in order."

Francy happily absorbed her blocks when the telephone rang.

It was Stephen. "About Ellerbrook house, Prudy," said. "I think we can get all right. We'll look at it tonight."

"Wonderful, darling. I'll make it pretty late. I'm going to drive up to Marion's afternoon. There's just chance I can help."

"That would be wonderful, dear. And by the way, couldn't find time to go before, but you did look good last night."

Gently Prudence replaced the telephone on its cradle. "On, Doctor Paulo," she was laughing softly. "Come ask me now!"

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 6, 1933

WILE
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AND
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by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

PERRY MASON

In Manila, famous lawyer Perry Mason and private detective Paul Drake find Lasa, girl-friend of army deserter Max Carson, strangled. Carson is posing as David Bidon, whose rich wife, Ilya, married again, believing her husband to be dead. Through Juan, Carson's accomplice, Bidon's body has been found, and, back at the hotel, Perry lays a trap for the murderer.

I'LL CALL CARSON DOWN TO MY ROOM NOW... PAUL TAKE GOOD CARE OF JUAN!

BE CAREFUL, PERRY! CARSON'S DANGEROUS!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

YOU'VE ACCUSED ME OF MURDER! WHAT IS THIS, MASON? BLACKMAIL? FRAMING ME?

THE GAME IS UP, CARSON! I'VE KNOWN YOU WEREN'T DAVID BIDON SINCE THOSE FINGERPRINTS IN L.A.

YOUR CASTS A PHONY TO COVER UP THE FACT THAT YOU'RE NOT LEFT-HANDED! ILYA'S HUSBAND WAS!

IF YOU HAD ALL THE ANSWERS, WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOW ME UP BEFORE?

BECAUSE IT WAS ILYA'S HUSBAND WHO TELEPHONED THAT FIRST NIGHT! I HAD TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

YOU'VE SPOILED MY GAME, MASON, BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING EXCEPT THAT I'M NOT ILYA'S HUSBAND! I'LL BE ON MY WAY, I GUESS!

NOT YET, CARSON! TELL ME... SURELY YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD DECEIVE ILYA FOR VERY LONG, DID YOU?

IF ILYA HAD DIED BEFORE SHE DISCOVERED THE TRUTH, MASON, WHO WOULD HAVE INHERITED HER FORTUNE?

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR BLUFFING! GET OUT OF MY WAY OR I'LL...

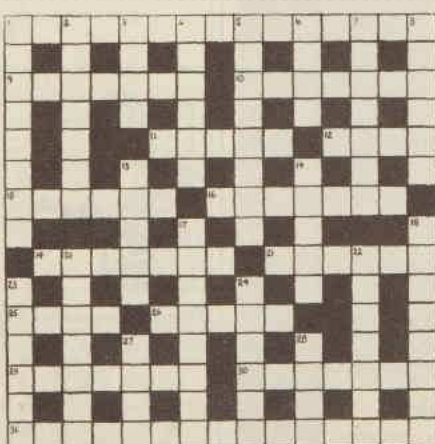
PLANNING TO MURDER ILYA TOO!

CRACK ME WITH THAT CAST, THEN STRANGLE ME AS YOU DID LASA! ... AND CARSON, TONIGHT I FOUND THE BODY OF DAVID BIDON!!

TO BE CONTINUED

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- If you put it in order a fun can be as much well-to-do (1, 3, 2, 9).
 - Sit at the head of the table with a dire short postscript mixed (7).
 - Enteric mixed as grit before one hundred (7).
 - A saint, you and a parliamentarian is used in cricket (18).
 - Fifty electrical unit can give you light (4).
 - Snag retreat or a Greek king (6).
 - Trials as dimensions (7).
 - This French mixed steel is sky-blue (7).
 - Blighly disable with first-class spirit (6).
 - Small stream the end of which is sick (4).
 - Preserved a dog in front of Edward (5).
 - French person working for wages keeping a Scotch bobby inside (7).
 - It was done with this paper before you could read it (7).
 - Get red tear, Helen. (Anagram where you may recognise yourself, 3, 8, 6).



Solution will be published next week

ENTERICHELISTS
B I X A V S B S
L O G I C A L E P I G R A M
A H R 6 R S B A
M I T R E O P E N D O U R
E S T Y S P O R T
S T A N C E S T A B I L I T Y
D E B E
F O U N D E R S T A T E D
C R A T H I O
R E A D A D E N I A D
E T S O Y L H O
S L I P P E R E X A M P L E
Y O E S N I C K
I N A C L E B T I C K

Solution to last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Manifest where father turned to father of mother (7).
- Pamphlet Greek painter measuring 45 inches in the centre (7).
- Leave out, but if you look in an action, it is there (4).
- Perfumes the middle of which is worth a cent (5).
- Larry French friends before tea married twice (8).
- Imposed work as in the centre (4).
- Hurried back with speed and a recount (7).
- Get free jumbled caps in ease (6).
- One thousand and fifty hide a poem as an example (5).
- Inasmuch as transgression precedes this French (5).
- In out-lets you can find the most residue (8).
- Jostle with a part of the body (8).
- Hidden lips in deprivation of light (7).
- Believed though mostly corroded (7).
- Pressing short gentleman from Chichester (6).
- Once-famous child star in a place of worship (6).
- Blood in a disturbed rooster when you are absent (8).
- Five hundred I have and plunge (4).

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dry, absorbent...
better than pastes
and liquids... the
easiest ever to
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use—lasts and
lasts!

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of lovely women



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- + Clears and softens
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- + Stimulates—Nourishes—Purifies + Corrects blemishes

MERCOLIZED WAX will work for your skin every minute of the day and night. Use just a little, under your make-up. At night-time massage in, using an upward motion. MERCOLIZED WAX will give you that natural, radiant, youthful look.

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LOOK FOR THE LABEL



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WITH THE 'NEATLINE' COLLAR



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and the beautiful **PRINCESS NARDA:** are in the hands of thieves who control Fear Island. This island, once a South Sea paradise, is now being used as a depot for stolen goods. With the

help of Daru, a native prince, Mandrake locates the gangsters' guns and tells Daru to gather the natives near the entrance of the armory. On the yacht Lothar waits for the signal to strike. At midnight Mandrake fires his flare gun. **NOW READ ON:**

THE FLARE IS A SIGNAL! ON THE ARGOS, LOTHAR AND THE YACHT SAILORS, UNCHAINED FOR THEIR MIDNIGHT WALK, BATTLE AGAINST THE GANGSTER GUARDS—



AT THE BIG FENCE SURROUNDING THE GANGSTER CRYPT, DARU AND UNARMED WARRIORS POUR THROUGH THE FENCE THEY'VE CUT IN THE FORBIDDEN FENCE—



AND SPEED TO THE GANGSTERS' ARMORY UNDERGROUND. NOW ARMED FOR THE FIRST TIME, THEY ATTACK THE SURPRISED THUGS AND MOW THEM DOWN.



THE PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING FROM THE YACHT—THE NATIVES HAVE CRASHED THE FENCE! WE'RE SURROUNDED! CHIES A THUG.—"THIS IS YOUR DOING, MANDRAKE!" ROARS HEADMAN. "STOP THEM, OR I'LL FINISH BOTH OF YOU RIGHT NOW!"



"WITH WHAT?" SMILES MANDRAKE, GESTURING HYPNOTICALLY, AS THE GUNS SEEM TO TURN INTO HANDCUFFS!



MEANWHILE, LOTHAR AND THE ARGOS' SAILORS FIGHT THEIR WAY TO THE RIVER BANK



MANDRAKE BRINGS HEADMAN BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND, "IS THIS NIGHTMARE REALLY OVER AT LAST?" SIGNS THE GOVERNOR. "NOW WE MUST RETURN THE STOLEN GOODS TO THEIR OWNERS."



"WE THOUGHT WE WERE VISITING AN ISLAND OF PARADISE INSTEAD, IT WAS AN ISLAND OF FEAR AND EVIL," SAYS NARDA.—"IT GOES TO SHOW, YOU CAN'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES," LAUGHS MANDRAKE. "BUT IT'S A HAPPY ISLAND AGAIN. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."



NEXT WEEK, NEW ADVENTURE

SIGNS OF MODERN FRIENDLY SERVICE

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WHITE SERVICE STATION

MOBIL SERVICE SHIELD



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VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY. LTD. (Inc. in Aust.)



Your Favourite children's laxative

NOW IN NEW FORM FOR ADULTS

Today, more than ever, NYAL FIGSEN is the *ideal* family laxative. FIGSEN now comes in two forms—Regular and Double Strength.

NYAL FIGSEN *Double Strength*—is specially formulated for adults who suffer from occasional or frequent constipation. It acts promptly, but gently, without pain or griping, to restore normal bowel action.

For children—and for adults who need an occasional mild corrective—FIGSEN Regular (packed in a tin) is recommended. The formula of this gentle, natural laxative is plainly printed on the package—that's why your chemist can recommend NYAL FIGSEN with confidence.

NYAL FIGSEN

REGULAR 2/3 • DOUBLE STRENGTH 3/6



NYAL Medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.



NYAL KWIK TAN

With KWIK TAN anyone can have a smooth even tan in half to no time. Always apply KWIK TAN before sunbaking—it contains a scientific sun-screen which filters the sun's rays, promoting a really good tan. For those unlucky enough to be sunburned beforehand, KWIK TAN'S mild anesthetic action helps bring soothing relief.



Sold only by Chemists

NYAL



NYAL BABY POWDER

A beautifully fine powder to keep baby's tender skin soft and free from chafing. Used after the bath NYAL BABY POWDER is soothing for sensitive young skin, because it actually resists moisture—and so lessens the chances of chafing—and because it contains a soothing refreshing antiseptic.



NYAL DECONGESTANT EYE DROPS

A modern formula which contains Phenylephrine—a special decongestant—which rapidly clears blood-shot eyes and relieves burning, itching and smarting. The drops spread evenly; will not blink out of the eyes. In special patented dropper. 4/9.



NYAL ANTACID POWDER

Brings quick relief from the pain and distress of indigestion. It contains an ingredient which will, in 10 minutes, digest 200 times its own weight in starch. NYAL ANTACID POWDER helps digest starchy foods. 3/6.



NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA

FOR BABIES—Nyal Milk of Magnesia after feeding prevents "wind" and helps to ensure regular habits. FOR CHILDREN—gently relieves minor digestive upsets. Two forms—sweetened and regular. Two sizes, 2/3 3/9.



NYAL VITAMIN & MINERAL TONIC

A reconstructive, nutritive tonic valuable for all nervous and ailing conditions. It is a balanced formula of B complex vitamins, essential minerals and trace elements. Builds strength in convalescence; improves the appetite. 8 oz. 6/9.